

Texas Siftings.

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AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

YOUNG LADIES (IN CHORUS, "GOING ON" OVER PRIZE PUG)—O, AIN'T HE TOO CUTE FOR ANYTHING! DON'T I WISH HE WAS MINE! HOW I'D LOVE HIM! I WANT TO HUG HIM RIGHT NOW! HE LOOKS INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO TALK.
TOUGH-LOOKING SPORTING CHARACTER—I SHAY, LADIES, WHA'S DER MATTER WID ME?

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

CONSPICUOUS by his Abe-sense—Abe Lincoln.

FOREIGN furs are brought over on a trans-fur ticket.

A CORSET-MAKER'S staying powers ought to be very great.

POETS who are born, not maid, must be of the male persuasion.

QUAKERTOWN ought to be a suitable place for a gravity railroad.

RAILROAD corporations are reticent—they keep their own counsel.

WILD horses on the Texas Plains sometimes form a corral society.

ADVICE to an immoderate drinker—"Shake" the bottle before taking.

WHISKY is said to improve with age, but age doesn't improve with whisky.

SPIKE has a dog that he calls Compass, because it "points" to the North.

THE young man who sang "Meet me in the Dell, love," meant Delmonico's.

THERE is no odor which the skilled chemist cannot imitate, some way or oder.

SOME professional billiardists are irregular in their practice, but Schaefer plays Daly.

TWAIN might easily establish a rifle corps at home; all his male servants are Mark's men.

IT is said that the grippe has "moved on," but what a multitude of people it has moved on.

AFTER a visit to the innumerable Bowery museums no one can doubt that this is a freak country.

A CHICAGO barber says a razor gets tired and discouraged sometimes. No wonder; it is "strapped" so often.

MANAGERS hesitate to put Timon of Athens on the stage, though they have contemplated it Timon time again.

OBSERVING the extreme décolleté style of dress prevailing at an up-town ball, Poots said it must be the an' necks district.

"WHAT has Mary Anderson been sued for?" asked one New Yorker of another. "Sued for her hand, of course," was the reply.

WHEN a dramatist says that his play has been produced "with varying success," you may conclude that it has been unvaryingly unsuccessful.

LANDED proprietors are seen in great numbers at Castle Garden every day, though some of them were proprietors of very little when they landed.

WHEN a poor man is laboring under a slight aberration of mind his family do the best that they can for him at home, but if he be wealthy they pack him off to a lunatic asylum as quickly as possible.

YOUNG DEATH.



YOUNG DEATH is the son of his Father; He stands with a smirk and a grin, Midst the bottles and jugs, Midst the glasses and mugs, And smiles at their clatter and din; While he laughs at the noise Of the jubilant "boys,"

So willing to be taken in.

Young Death is less stern than his Father, And stands on a much broader level; For he paints cheeks and nose, Till they bloom like the rose, And he joins in the wildest revel; Ere he passes you on, Cents and senses are gone, Then he bids you go to the devil.

CLEVELAND'S QUIET LIFE.

A New York correspondent of a Western journal writes at considerable length of "Cleveland's Quiet Life." What of it? Did he expect to find him rushing about, slamming doors, blowing horns, and yelling at the top of his lungs? Or did he imagine him working in a boiler-yard in the daytime and singing in a Bowery concert saloon evenings? Of course Cleveland is enjoying a quiet life; and Governor Hill means to keep him at it, right along.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

Nothing has touched us so much in a long time as a line we saw in the Herald the other day: "The base-ball outlook at Harvard is very blue." In Europe thrones are tottering to their fall; Russia is liable to lose its Czar at any time from a Nihilist bomb; a rupture is threatened between the German Emperor and Bismarck; Portugal is trying to get into Republican clothes; the infant King of Spain has the grip—but all these things dwindle into insignificance alongside of the gloomy announcement that Harvard's outlook for base-ball is not encouraging.

SAVING.

A young man writes to SIFTINGS to ask if it be true, as Russel Sage asserts, that the foundation of a fortune may be laid by saving. It depends a good deal on what you save. If you save yourself from all effort and work, that won't put you on the high-road to wealth. Life-saving on the sea-coast, while it may be and doubtless is an exhilarating occupation, never made a man rich that we ever heard of. Silent men save



A NEW MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE.

MOTHER-IN-LAW—So, your husband wants to get a divorce?

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW—Yes, he wants a divorce.

Who is the cause of it—a woman?

Yes, and I think you are the woman.

Well, I declare! If he supposes I'd marry him in case he got a divorce from you he is very much mistaken. I am sure I never gave him any encouragement!

their breath, but loud fellows get opulent just as quick. Saving money is a good thing, but it is much more important to save your health and morals, whether you get rich or not, for we have very high authority for believing that it is with the utmost difficulty that the rich can be saved.

RUSHIN' RAILROADS.

Russia wanted a railroad to Asia for transportation of troops to the frontier of India, and she has built one over the sandy desert of Kari-Koomi. It connects the Caspian Sea with Sarmakand, the ancient capital of Tamerlane, and although it cost a vast outlay of money it is likely to pay. Primarily a strategic road, built for military purposes, it is a great promoter of the interests of commerce and civilization. Russia ships to Asia manufactured goods, sugar, alcohol and kerosene; and it brings back wool, silk, skins and hides, rice, dried fruit and cotton. This year's import of cotton from Central Asia over the new road is estimated at more than 61,000,000 pounds, or about a third of the cotton employed by Russian manufacturers. It is confidently expected that the time is not far distant when all the cotton used by Russian mills will be of home production. Russia is evidently going ahead, notwithstanding Nihilist plottings. It will not be many years before she has a railroad through Siberia to Behring Strait, and then it will be possible to make an all-rail trip around the world. How the Czar will be pestered for passes when that day comes around. Chauncey Depew's letter bag will be a pocket-purse by the side of the Czar's. Applications will come from American statesmen, editors, aldermen, judges, shippers and what not; from Scott of Erie to Pat Divver. Think of Wm. B. Scott writing: My dear Czar; please send me a pass.

A PRINCE WHO WANTS TO BE A SOLDIER.

It takes a Frenchman to do something original, in order to attract attention to himself or make a sensation. A few years ago a man fired a revolver at the presiding officer of the Chamber of Deputies, in order, as he afterward explained, to call the attention of the Chamber to a petition which he desired to introduce. Another Frenchman shot a man in the dusk of the evening, in the Champs Elysées, for no apparent reason, and when asked by the policeman who arrested him why he did it, he said, to change his luck. The latest sensational affair to which attention has been called in Paris is the appearance of the banished Duke d'Orléans in that city, demanding his inscription as a soldier. Having recently arrived at his majority he desired, he said, to perform the military service which France demands of her sons. Of course he was arrested for his offence against the Expulsion Act which banished his family, and put him in prison. Being tried before a tribunal he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but he will doubtless be pardoned soon and sent out of the country. The Republic cannot afford to make a martyr of a romantic young prince of the House of Orléans. He made his little sensation.

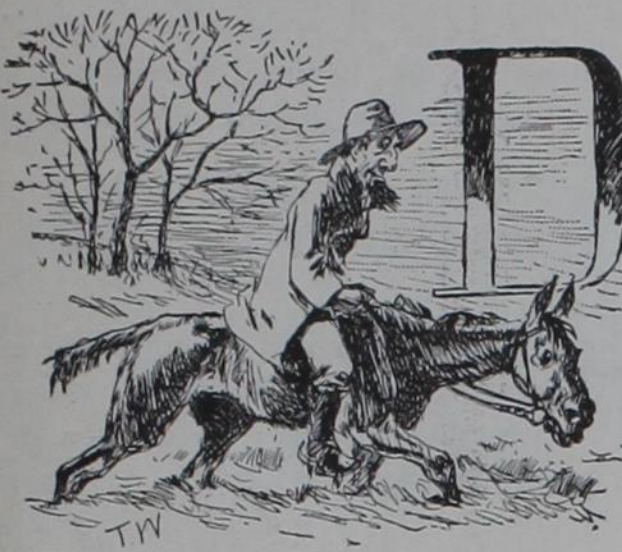
THE KIND OF LION TO TRAIN.

I learn from a published interview in a Paris paper with Pezon, the great animal tamer—and he is a little animal tamer, too—that it is easier to train an adult lion taken in a snare than one born in a menagerie. I hasten to make this revelation for the benefit of any readers of SIFTINGS who may contemplate embarking in the lion-training business. Do not be deceived by the gentle, harmless appearance of the menagerie-born lion, and try to tame him—that is to say, if it be your first attempt in that line. Being domesticated, as it were, he purrs softly in his corner, or creeps about, as gentle as a kitten anxious to be stroked. He looks too innocent for anything, but Pezon says you must beware of him. His appearance is deceptive, and he is liable to turn and rend you when you are least thinking of it. But if you must tame a lion, select a full-grown one, fresh from the jungles. Take your whip in your hand and walk boldly into his cage, first wiping your feet on the mat and then closing the door carefully after you to prevent drafts. There must be no appearance of hesitation whatsoever. You must assume an air of easy familiarity, as though you had known him all your life. Advance toward him with the confidence of a man meeting another from whom he is morally certain that he can borrow a five-dollar note. Nerve is what is needed. You may furnish nerve food to the lion before you get out, but you mustn't hesitate. Try to overawe him with a look—and if the lion finds you a little over-raw perhaps he will leave a few morsels for the attendants to rake out for the coroner to hold an inquest on.

"ROUND THE WORLD I"

LECTURER MINER GRISWOLD ON HIS TRAVELS.

"OUT WEST."



DEAR SIFTINGS:—Southern Illinois is undoubtedly the garden spot of the State, but at present the garden is soaked with water and spotted with mud. It is what is called an open winter out here—

open to objection in many particulars.

Trade languishes in the villages, because the roads are so deep with mud that farmers are prevented from coming into town. Those who do succeed in wading their horses through the mud are the most dejected looking people I ever saw. There is complaint of sickness everywhere. No town is so poor that it is unable to indulge itself in the luxury of *la grippe*. Fortunately it is rarely fatal.

"You will have a big house here to-night," says the hotel keeper, "if sickness doesn't keep 'em away," and then he sneezed violently.

"What sickness?" I asked.

"They call it the grip. (Sneeze.) Have you had it in New York yet? Or perhaps you've lost your grip. Ha! ha! Good joke. Put it in your lecture."

At the hall, on the occasion of my first lecture, several citizens assured me that nothing but the prevailing influenza could possibly keep the people away.

"Goin' round the World, ain't it?" asked a dismal man sneezing in the entry.

"Yes," I said; "Round the World in two hours."

"You don't say? Does the grip travel as fast as that?"

The chairman of the lecture committee explained to the dismal man that "Round the World" was the title of my illustrated humorous lecture, but he was too busy sneezing to grip on.

The man selected to introduce me to the audience was just out from an attack of the grip. His head was tied up to prevent catching more cold from the draught. He whispered to me just before we walked on to the platform that if I could work in a little joke about

"losing his grip" it would make 'em laugh, but they laughed very well, when they weren't sneezing.

The next morning the introducer called upon me at my hotel. When there was a pause in his sneezing he said he was sorry there wasn't a better house. Told him they would be better when the grip rolled by.

"Good joke," he said, "put it in the lecture."

He then said he would like to introduce me to a few of their leading citizens. I remarked, playfully, that he introduced me to a few from the platform, and I would have been pleased to meet more of them—in the hall.

"All on account of the sickness," he said. Nearly every family had some one (sneeze) down with the grip, while the rest were up all night trying to loosen it.

We sallied forth, the Introducer and I. We met a leading citizen—he leads the choir. I was introduced to him, and we all three indulged in a social sneeze, for I had caught it myself by this time. He said if it hadn't been for the grip the hall wouldn't have held the people last night.

"How can a hall hold the people without a grip of some kind?" I asked.

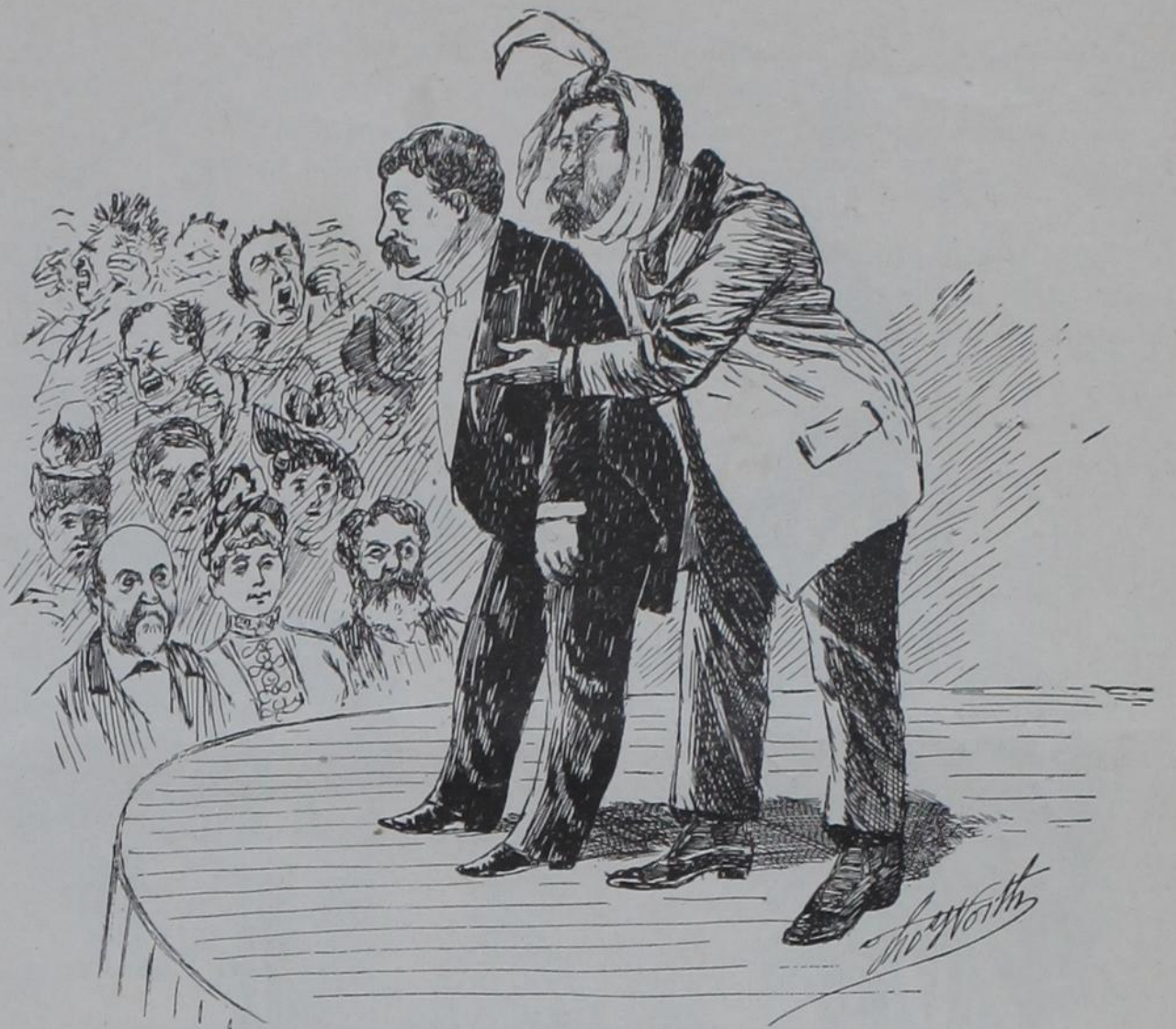
"Very good," said the chorister; "can't you put that in your lecture?"

Another leading citizen came along, and I was introduced to him. He assured me that at no time since the town was laid out—and as he was the village undertaker he had about as much to do with laying the town out as anybody—at no time had there been so much sickness as now. He was going on to say that but for that the hall would have been packed, but sneezing prevented him from completing the sentence.

Introducer and I then climbed some rickety back stairs into the office of their leading attorney. He is called leading attorney because he asks so many leading questions of a witness.

"Glad to see you," said he, as we shook hands. "You had a very good house last night, but you would have had a bigger one if—" He paused to sneeze.

"Sickness?" I suggested.



Man with the Influenza Introduces me to the Audience.

"Yes," he replied, "sickness is what kept a good many of our folks away. We haven't lost our grip yet. Ha! ha! ha! Put that into your lecture if you want to."

"Can I?"

"Course you can. I throw off lots of these little things. When Bill Nye was out here last winter I gave him enough jokes to fill a whole lecture. Don't suppose he'll give me credit for a single one of 'em, either. Ever hear him get off that little joke about 'Down went McGinty?'"

"Maybe I have."

"Well, that's mine. Had a great run, I understand."

Then we called on the leading editor. Found him in his office, with paste-pot and shears, getting up a leading editorial for his paper.

"Did you get around to the hall last night to see my 'Round the World' pictures?" I asked, by way of introduction.

"Yes," he said, "and they are good. Worth's comic cartoons are funny, too. One of your TEXAS SIFTINGS artists, isn't he?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he's a good one. Pity you couldn't have arranged to come along two weeks later."

"Why? Going to have a fair here?"

"No, but by that time we will probably get through with—"

"The grip?"

"You've heard of it, then?"

"Haven't heard of much else," I replied, for I was getting tired.

He then assured me that except for the sickness the hall would have been packed, and as I descended the stairs he came to the door and yelled down: "Say! you might get off a pretty good joke about 'losing his grip,' in your next lecture."

Although the weather has been threatening, I have had but one rainy night, but as I took the precaution to "pitch" my voice properly the rain didn't soak through.

One thing I would like to have explained, if possible. Why is it that the men you see standing about a railroad station down in this country always have their hands in their trousers pockets? I noticed it all along the Ohio and Mississippi railway. I saw Gen. W. B. Shattuc, General Passenger Agent of the O. & M., in Cincinnati, and asked him to explain it, but he couldn't. He asked, however, if it wasn't better for a man to have his hands in his own pockets rather than in those of his neighbor, and I was compelled to admit that it was.

Yours in the whirl,

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

HOW A SHELL SOUNDS.

An old Virginian was being questioned by some young fellows about his experiences during war times. One of them said:

"Mr. P—, tell us what a shell is like, coming through the air."

"Well, boys," said the old man, "it comes a-shootin' and a-twistin' along, makin' a noise that would curdle your blood. It is the awfulest, terrifyin'est, most insignificant noise you ever heard!"

It is bitter irony to ask a man in jail to express himself with freedom,



A Humble Railroad station in Southern Illinois and the People who Congregate there.



BREACH OF PROMISE.

MAMMA—Now, good-by, Bertie dear; be a good boy and perhaps I will bring you something nice when I come back.

BERTIE—Say, mamma, that racket's about played out. You forget to bring the something nice home every time.

AN ELOQUENT EXHORTATION.

Byron says:

"It is very silly
To refine gold or paint the lily."

The meaning of the above is that some things are so unique in their way that any attempt to embellish them would simply mar them. For this reason we republish, *verbatim*, from a Mt. Vernon, N. Y., paper the following indignant communication, which speaks for itself:

"WHERE WERE THE POLICE?"

This question was asked by more than one a few days ago in the central part of our town, as a single man, after having been thrust out of a saloon in the most wretched state of intoxication, literally obstructed the sidewalks and road on one of our pretty little avenues, not only by the volume of terrible oaths and insulting expressions uttered to quiet passers-by, but ladies and gentlemen in their carriages were obliged to turn back, or threatened at being stoned—as he held the same in his hands, should they attempt to pass. A Christian land our good citizens on every side, and is this the way we are protected? A Republican government after harboring all these years the blessed thought "liberty," are we now to be overthrown by these intoxicated wretches? Sad indeed were it to be so, but we trust our townsmen will soon be able to veto such startling occasions and thus avoid these complaints.

L. M. S.



TOO OLD FOR JESTING.

EASTER EGG TO COMIC ARTIST—Please don't draw me out this Easter, I'm too old to joke with.

BANKRUPTCY.

There is nothing dishonorable about legitimate bankruptcy, but of late years the genuine article has become so scarce that doubts are being already expressed as to any such thing being in existence. Perhaps, in the course of time, it will be denied that the genuine, legitimate bankrupt ever existed. Like the American bison, he will live merely in tradition.

Failing in business has become an effective way of laying up something for a rainy day. While in the bright lexicon of youth there may be no such word as fail, in the dictionary of the modern business man there is certainly something that comes under that head.

Nowadays, when we hear that a man is failing it is not taken for granted that his health is impaired. On the contrary, it may mean that somebody else, his creditors, for instance, are liable to feel sick.

"The failure of one man," remarks a philosopher, "is the opportunity of another." It is, indeed. Usually it is the opportunity of the assignee, and he does not neglect it by any manner of means. In the great majority of bankrupt cases the assignee is the man who has the deal, and who gives himself four aces.

The dishonest bankrupt snaps his fingers at his creditors, who, of course, feel very sore; but the most remarkable instance of the bankrupt adding insult to injury occurred in Texas.

A merchant by the name of Cone owed quite a large sum of money—several hundred dollars—to a printer named Typograff. One day the printer received a letter from Cone. The honest printer opened the letter with joyous expectation, for he hoped it would contain a check for the amount of his bill. Alas! instead of the check, it contained an order for more printing. Perhaps Mr. Typograff would not have got so mad had it not been for the peculiar nature of the circular, which was to be printed on credit. The circular read as follows:

TO MY CREDITORS—*Gentlemen*:—I beg leave to notify you with deep regret that in consequence of business complications I have to-day made an assignment in favor of my brother, David Cone, who is prepared to pay my creditors three cents on the dollar.

(Signed) JACOB CONE.

Under the copy of this exasperating circular Mr. Cone had written to poor Typograff the following still more aggravating postscript.

P. S.—I want you to use fine paper and ink, and make a first-class job of this, or you won't get anything more from me.

JACOB CONE.

THE STOUT MAN.

The fat man is subjected to various annoyances, which multiply and make life a burden to him if he becomes very stout. In Baltimore, an immensely stout man who kept a restaurant, was asked so many questions about his *embonpoint* that to obtain a partial rest he published the following statement:

"I weigh 345 pounds.

"I am fat.

"I know I am fat.

"I am growing fatter every day.

"I cannot tell you how much longer I am going to get fat.

"Yes, I have a good appetite.

"No, I do not eat all the time.

"I do not remember when I was as thin as you are," etc., etc., etc.

There were forty-five more an-

swers to questions that were put or might be put to the stout man every day. His last statement reads as follows: "If there is any question which you can think of that is not answered here, don't be at all bashful. Step right up and inquire, and I will try and answer it if possible."

The fat man is usually good-natured, hence it is not right to goad him to desperation by asking him superfluous questions.

A MUSICAL NUISANCE.



HERE are so many different and distinct types of bore that it is impossible in the brief space of a newspaper article to enumerate them. It is very difficult to even determine which type is the most objectionable. In fact, that is a question which each sufferer must decide for himself.

It will, however, be generally conceded that the musical bore is a pretty bad one. Not long since, a fashionable young man in a Texas city, who had otherwise led a blameless life, acquired considerable local fame as a musical bore with a violin.

One night at a social gathering he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Beethoven's immortal symphonies out of it. To his amazement all the gentlemen present not only volunteered to go for the fiddle, but actually started off to get it, and up to the time of our going to press none of them had returned.

On another occasion in the same Texas city, a long-haired professional piano pounder was giving the "Battle of Prague" to a select audience. A musical enthusiast in the audience cried out: "Oh, how natural! Listen to the thunder of the guns of the artillery. Now you hear the rattle of the small arms and the groans of the wounded. Now the victorious soldiers are plundering the city."

"I hope they will carry off that blankety blank piano," growled a man sitting alongside of the musical enthusiast.

"And the musician, too!" howled the audience.

A KINDLY TIP.

First Nighter—What! Every seat taken?

Ticket Seller—Every one; but don't be discouraged. There will be room enough after the first act. I was at the rehearsal.

A MIND-READER.

Dudely—You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?"

Stranger—Why, no; you can't be such a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance.



SHE WAS IN NO HURRY ABOUT IT.

OLD ADORER—And would you not care to be an old man's darling?
MISS YOUNG—Why, yes—about fifty years hence!



AT THE MATINEE.

At the matinée,
Where ladies gay
Are seen on every holiday;
Where dudelets stay
To see the play
And pass the afternoon away,
In silk and plush
The ladies push
And treat the box keeper to gush.
The dudlets crush,
And rudely brush
Past pretty darlings in the rush.

The lazy dude
Is not imbued
With such degree of fortitude,
In idle mood
He will conclude
To stay where passing girls are viewed.
And so he'll stand
With cane in hand
And smile of supercilious brand,
While creatures grand
By him are scann'd
When play is o'er and they disband.

J. S. G.



VAIN REGRETS.

"Say, Mose," said an Austin colored dude to an old darkey more famous for his ability to punish whisky than to irritate work of any description, "didn't Miss Car'line useter be an old flame ob yourn?"

"Yes, Rube," replied old Mose, "I dun 'spec's Car'line and I useter be mighty thick, I tell yer. She jilted me onct."

"Dat's what I tho't. Car'line was married las' ebenin'."

"Who married her?"

"Peg-legged Jake."

"Am at so? Now, ef I'd a know'd she wer' gwine ter fro herse'f away on dat rem'ant ob a man in dat style, I'd a humiliated myse'f and axed her ag'in."

EGOTISM.



HE egotistical man is a prince of bores, and is a person to be shunned. Conceit is taking ourselves at an over valuation, which is generally about seventy per cent. above a fair and equitable valuation.

There are puffed-up individuals who worship themselves, and who do not care who knows it. John Smith is an egotist of this stripe. He bought himself a book not long since, and wrote on the

fly-leaf: "Presented to John Smith by himself as a mark of esteem."

People who insist most vehemently upon their ability to paddle their own canoe, usually have to borrow the canoe. The man who shouts loudest about betting at elections has the least money to bet, in nine cases out of ten.

Empty minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere, like paper kites that are kept aloft by their own lightness, while those which are better stored are like heavily-laden vessels, which we see the less of the more richly and deeply they are freighted. The corn bends itself downward when its ears are filled, but when the heads of the conceited are filled with adulation, they only lift them up the higher.

"Why is it?" asks an exchange, "that nearly every senator's wife in Washington is a handsome woman?" It is simply because every senator's wife who is not a handsome woman is left at home.

A SYPHON BOOT.

(From the French.)

Thanks to the good offices of a rich friend, a poverty-stricken young artist in Paris obtains a commission to paint the portrait of a rich young lady.

Upon going to wait upon the lady he managed to get himself up very creditably as to hat, coat and pantaloons, but his boots—oh, such boots! There is an aperture in the toe of each where the sole has parted company with the upper.

On the road to the lady's mansion a sudden shower came up, flooding the sidewalks, and when he enters the drawing-room he perceives to his horror that his

boots have transformed themselves into pumps, and that at each step the water within them is spouting forth over the costly carpets as if from the blow-holes of lively young whales. He, however, is not disconcerted, but says gracefully:

"Upon my honor, madame, these syphon boots that are all the fashion and are so highly praised may be all they are said to be for outdoor use, but for wearing in the house they will never answer at all."

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE DUCK.

Oh, the duck, the beautiful duck,
Quacking about in the rain;
A tramp came along and gathered her up;
We never shall see her again.

The duck may not be naturally gifted with more sense than the hen, but it does not display its ignorance. It goes without saying that the duck takes readily to water, and is aquatic in its habits. It would be hard to find a duck that was not an aqua duck. It is not considered good form to call a lady a duck, even if she does waddle, and it is not best to chuck your typewriter girl under the chin and call her a duck without a previous understanding.

The canvas-back duck is considered the aristocrat of ducks, and often meets at the table some of the first families of the land, where its presence is appreciated, though the duck does not come willingly to the board and is very much bored.

The duck is migratory in its wild state and sometimes when domesticated, which accounts for its sometimes almost mysterious appearances and disappearances. For instance, it will disappear from its accustomed pen at night and appear the next day in a dinner-pot five miles away. Yes, indeed, the duck is migratory in this respect as well as the hen.

The duck has a flat bill, no teeth, short legs, web feet, is as large as a good sized stone, and has feathers.

E. R. C.

A MIXED FAMILY.

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day the father went out to see what was the matter.

"Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned out of breath.

"Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.

There is this difference between a bookbinder and a detective, one recovers torn books and the other recovers stolen ones.



A WARNING TO BABY.

MOTHER (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darling baby.

FANNY (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up she'll spank you, t-t-too!

THE FERGUSON FAMILY.



FERGUSON was their name, and a more comical family I don't think ever lived. He was a short, fat man, inclined to be jolly, while his wife was tall and angular, and delighted in making married life a dismal waste for him. They were blessed with one child, a boy about nine years old, who was mischievousness personified.

The Fergusons had just forsaken their boarding-house with the intention of engaging a flat. They gazed intently at five or six, until they came to one which Mrs. Ferguson declared just the thing.

"Blowed if I like the neighborhood, said Ferguson," timidly.

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Mrs. Ferguson, "you don't like the neighborhood, do you! Perhaps you would turn up your little, undergrown nose if you were asked to live in the neighborhood of the Vanderbilts and Astors, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think I might manage to struggle along for a little while among that gang, but let's look at the flat."

They find the janitor, who gives them the keys, and they proceed. Mrs. Ferguson perceived that her husband did not like the flat, and made up her mind to engage it.

"I think it is a perfect gem of a flat," said she, gleefully, as they entered the first room.

"Well, I don't see it. Just look at that ceiling! I can nearly touch it with my hand! Wish the rent was as low as it is."

"Oh, I didn't think you would be satisfied, Mr. Ferguson. But I am pleased with it, and that settles it."

"What in thunder is this, I wonder?"

"Why, that's the kitchen, you idiot. What did your massive brain think it was?"

"Well, if I hadn't climbed up three flights of stairs I would have been willing to gamble that it was the coal bin in the cellar."

"Very smart, Mr. Ferguson, very smart, indeed. Have you any more pleasant remarks to make?"

"Oh, no, only I would like to know if this house was ever rented for a morgue?"

"Ugh! Mr. Ferguson, you are a perfect bear."

"Wish to heaven I was, madam. Bears don't have to live in flats and be badgered to death about the rent."

"Now, Mr. Ferguson, this flat suits me exactly. When I married you I made use of the same words, and made a horrible mistake, but I am older now, and know what suits me. The rooms are large and airy, and the tenants, especially the nice-looking gentleman whom I saw on the first floor, seem to be very respectable."

"Respectable! I don't see how you can call that duck on the first floor respectable-looking. Did you notice how the ill-mannered brute stared at me?"

Just at this moment their little boy, Johnny, came rushing up stairs.

"Say, pop," he shouted, "man on first floor wants to know if you are all wool?"

"All wool!" gasped Ferguson, looking around for something to throw.

"Yep. Said he knew you were a yard wide, but didn't know whether you were all wool."

Mrs. Ferguson chuckled softly as Johnny rushed down stairs.

They proceed.

"And this is the bath-room," sneered Ferguson. It's a pity we're not blessed with a baby. That bathtub is about the right size for a baby—that is, a very young baby."

"I admit, Mr. Ferguson, that it is not as large as the artificial basin in Central Park, in which the hippopotamus bathes—which no doubt would suit you better—but this flat is intended for human beings."

"Do you intend that to be an allusion to my size?" asked Ferguson, with a glare in his eye that looked dangerous.

"Oh, no, not at all. What have you got to say about the dining-room?"

"Nothing, except that it is so small that each member of the family would have to dine by himself. But that is an advantage, and not an objection," said Ferguson, glaring around.

Johnny appears again.

"What do you think the woman on the first floor said about you, ma?"

"What did she say?" asked Mrs. Ferguson, turning pale.

"She says if all flesh is grass you must have been raised during a drouth. She says when she wants ter peel pertaters she will send up here and borrow you."

Mrs. Ferguson became red around the roots of her hair, whereupon Johnny and Mr. Ferguson indulged in vociferous hilarity.

However, they took the flat, in order, as Mrs. Ferguson said, to get even with that woman on the first floor.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

NO.

Not a little of our security and success in life depend on the well-timed and resolute utterance of that monosyllable.

Sometimes it is an assertion of individuality; and every man, whether in opinion or action, has a right to that. Sometimes it is a safeguard against temptation, and every man, alas, has need of that. Sometimes it is



Mr. Ferguson and Johnny indulge in hilarity at Mrs. Ferguson's expense.

an effectual and impassable bar against the selfishness, the insinuating artifices, the meanness or even the malignity of others; and who is so happy as not to be assailed by these? An eminent merchant of New York used to say that he was largely indebted for his success in life to his ability to say *no*.

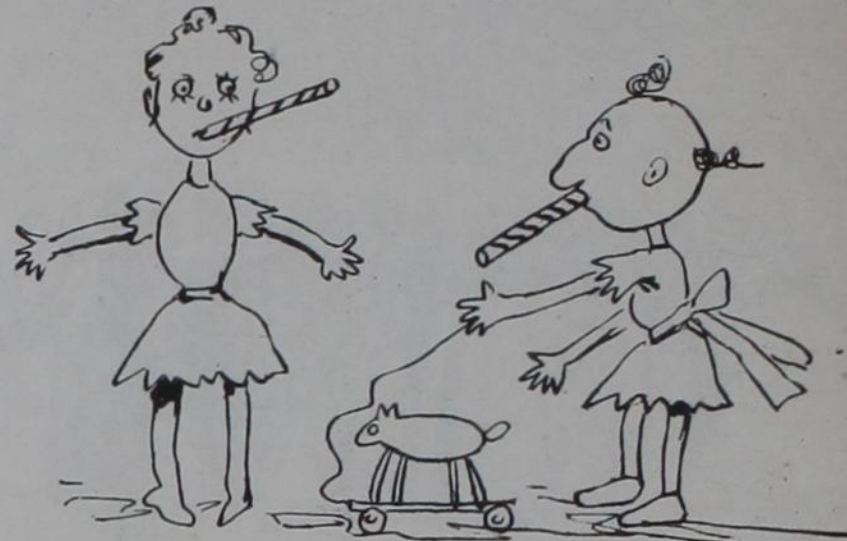
A DAMP LOCALITY.

Would-be Tenant—So, this is the house that is advertised for rent?

Janitor—Yes, boss.

In the advertisement it reads that there is running water. Where is it?

Down on de fust floor de water runs down de walls, hit's so damp.

HOTEL TORONTO
Canada

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

A Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher chided the children recently for spending money for candy that they should contribute to the missionary cause. A little boy artist sends us the above sketch of defaulting candy-eaters compelled to flee to Canada.

THE EBENEZER FLAPJACK.

BY V. Z. REED.

The erudite editor of this great Missouri opinion-moulder, in his last issue, delivers himself of the following editorial, entitled:

OUR COUNTRY'S NEEDS.

All over this broad land of liberty and high taxes philosophers are coming out of their groves, their cloisters, and their boarding-houses to tell the listening world what this country needs. A labor agitator, who never labors with anything but his mouth, gets up on the butt end of a beer keg and announces that we need shorter hours for work and more pay for doing it. The inside back pages of the magazines say we need Pears' soap. The rising young political economist who is teaching a country school to fill in the time till the nation calls him, says we are going to rack and ruin because we have no navy; Edward Bellamy thinks we need a government wiser than the Great Omnipotent, for which we can all work and from which we can all draw rations; many of our young poetesses of passion think we need the fiery breath of love; one man thinks we need prohibition, another that we need free whisky and free love, another that we need one-cent postage, and so it goes on through all the fools' congress. The Flapjack doesn't claim to be wiser than Solomon in all his glory, but it knows of a few things that this confederation and its component commonwealths need.

We need less cry and more wool; we need less whistling and more hoeing; we need fewer statesmen and more tillers of the soil; we need less higher culture for women, and more of the home-cooked food of our mothers; we need fewer ten-cent dudes, and more young men who are capable of earning their own living; we need fewer Napoleons of Finance, and more men who pay their board and wash bills; we need fewer prisons, and more men who don't try to get a \$100 living out of a \$40 salary; we need fewer whisky-drinkers, and more men who spend their money to buy shoes for their children; we need fewer high-salaried preachers, and more practical Christianity; we need fewer strikes, and more workingmen who own their own homes; we need fewer men who are versed in Latin and Sanscrit, and more educated men who have good horse sense.

We need fewer wives "for ornament only," and more wives who know how to keep house. We need fewer fifteen-year-old boys who think they know more than their hoary-headed sires; we need fewer boodlers and better public improvements. We need fewer elaborate theories of progress and more hard work. We need less æsthetic culture, and warmer underclothes. We need more of the sturdy, old-fashioned men who built the country, more of the good old kindly mothers who helped them; we need more of the spirit of honest toil, and less shoddy aristocracy. We need fewer butterflies of fashion, and more women who knit the family socks. Personally, ye Faber-shover of ye Flapjack needs raiment for his shapely form and sustenance for his inner man; he needs scrip for his wallet and ducats wherewith to liquidate his back board bill, and as the evening shadows are stealing, stealing over the hill and dell, and as our freedman brother is stealing, stealing poultry, we whisper to you in the voice of great yearning, that now is the time to plant your subscriptions.

Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, with whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years.

AN UNKIND REMARK.

"It is nonsense for you to talk to me," said the humorous editor of the Gunville Eagle, addressing his industrious wife, who had been advising him to make greater exertions. "I know that people overwork themselves, and die in consequence. I read accounts every day of literary men forced to stop work on account of over-exertion of the brain."

"Yes," replied the wife, "but you more often read of men who, through laziness, allow their families to suffer. These are cases of not enough work."

"There you go. Want me to impose on nature?"

"Better impose on your nature a little, than to impose on the natures of your wife and children."

"There you go again. You talk as though I never get tired. Why, hang it, a mule can be overworked."

"That's a fact. Go lie down, John."

A SAFER PLAN.

Tramp—If you'll give me some dinner, ma'am, I'll split that wood for you.

Mrs. Pancake—Better split it first. 'Taint good to work hard right after eatin'.

PROSPERITY.



IBLE readers are fully aware that the good book assures us that "blessed are the poor," yet it is surprising how few people there are who really care to be blessed.

No doubt vast wealth is really a curse to any man. When he dies he has just that much more than anybody else to lose. However, most of us are perfectly willing to be cursed that way.

Dr. McGlynn is still lecturing, so we are informed, on "How to abolish poverty." No doubt he means well, but he should be suppressed. When we all become rich who is going to do the hard work? We should look at the subject in all its bearings, and not hastily and suddenly plunge mankind into the hope of ease and luxury. It is a very bad thing to get rich too rapidly. Some journalists never think of these things until it is too late.

A little money is very convenient at times. The young society man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He can not go ahead rapidly. It is impossible for him to be fast. Among the ladies he is like the moon in a cloudy sky. He cannot shine.

In fact, gold is an idol, worshiped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

TWO BEQUESTS.

One beautiful, bright, and epic-inspiring evening in the not very dim long ago, two poets met at a table in the "Dime Restaurant." Their sorrows they unfolded, and their hearts they laid bare, and out of their mutual misery arose a friendship that has no parallel in these prosaic days. After sharing a plate of oatmeal and a dessert of tooth-picks, they agreed that each should leave his possessions to the other when the fatal moment would arrive.

Strange to say, the two sensitive souls committed suicide at the same moment of the same day, and a careful search of their attics revealed their possessions to be as follows:

First Poet—A clay pipe; a ten-dollar Confederate note; a bottle of red ink and a quill pen; a crumpled piece of brown paper covered with rapturous rhymes; a copper cent of 1818 with a hole punched through; a battered copy of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; an



HER MEMORY DEFECTIVE.

CENSUS TAKER—How long have you been married?

COLORED MATRON—I dune forgot, boss; but I kin tell you in a minute. I'll jess call up de childrens and count 'em.

atmosphere tinged with the subtle aroma of stale tobacco.

Second Poet—A lead-pencil; several sections of tissue-paper covered with tear-compelling verses; a wooden pipe severely gashed and showing every symptom of old age; a tattered copy of Rogets's Thesaurus; a Canadian bank-token and a counterfeit trade-dollar; a gas-stove and a treatise on the art of cooking; an atmosphere redolent of onions and strong tea.

The moral of the story is that man's safest hope is in heaven, and that when you find that nature has cut you out for a poet, take the shortest and sweetest route to oblivion, and refuse to live!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

EFFECTS OF THE GRIP.

One of the most distressing features of the grip is that in some cases it leaves the intellect of the sufferer in a feeble condition. It (the intellect, of course) has to look around for a cheap little ten-cent throne on which to totter. Some idea of the seriousness of the attack from which Editor Shepard, of the Mail and Express, has suffered can be obtained by perusing the following incomprehensible gem:

"Mr. Dana wants us to go as Minister to St. Petersburg in order to make a Mussulman of the Czar and thus establish friendly relations between Russia and Turkey. If we went we should insist upon adding together Alexander III. and Abdul Medjid II., making five A's, and then halving them, which would make two and one over. So the lives of those two A's would be preserved, and over them should be Doughty A., Naughty A., and both of the monarchs would be won over."

A young butcher, whose father had died a short time previous, was asked by one of his customers what was the cause of the old man's death.

"Indeed, sir," the butcher said, "there was certainly no reason why father should die. He was in magnificent kelter. Why, that man would have cut three inches on the rib!"

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1889 there died in Paris a rich old bachelor, who left his entire fortune to a poor girl, a seamstress, who was, moreover, almost unknown to him. The secret of the old man ignoring his friends and relatives puzzled everybody very much. The deceased was what might be called an original. He was quite eccentric. In order to test the honesty of his fellow-creature he was in the habit of resorting to many curious experiments, which, as a general thing did not improve the bad opinion he already had of the human race.

One of his plans to ascertain how many honest people there were traveling in omnibuses was to occupy a seat nearest the conductor and hand the fare of passengers to that official. Instead of handing the exact fare to the conductor he would give the conductor a coin of larger value. When the passenger received back his excessive change, in fifteen consecutive instances, he quietly pocketed the money. The sixteenth person who received back excessive change was a young, poorly dressed

girl, who had pity for the poor conductor, who only got three francs a day, and would have to make good the loss. She immediately exclaimed: "Conductor, you have given me back too much change," and returned him the surplus money. The eccentric was agreeably surprised. When the girl left the buss, he followed her, and having made further inquiry about her, satisfied himself that she was respectable. The small coin that the girl returned to the conductor made her the heiress of half a million of francs.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Uncle Abner (watching proceedings at the corner side door)—Is that a meetin'-house over there, Bob? I've seen fifty men go in.

Bob—Not a meating-house, uncle, but a drinking-house.

A SENSE OF FULLNESS.

Fat Man—I experience a feeling of fullness after I have eaten heartily.

Slim Man—That's nothing. I always feel full after I've got through drinking.

CUSTOM and tradition tyrannize over king and peasant.



HIS NATURAL HISTORY WAS MIXED.

COUNTRY JAKE—Say, good Mr. Keeper, this animile's a fraud. How much longer have I got to wait for it to change its color?

KEEPER—It don't change its color.

What! Ain't it a chameleon?

Naw, its only a camel.

Wall, there's a lie out somewheres.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH OF THE CONDUCTOR.

Old Gentleman—I shall report you, young man. Why didn't you stop your car before? Here I have been running after your car more than a block.

Conductor—All right, gov'nor. I'm sorry, but I ain't like a pertater, with eyes all over.

HE TOOK NO FOOLISH CHANCES.

Mother (to her Bad Boy)—If you'll behave all day to-day, I'll give you something to-morrow.

Subsequently Bad Boy asks his Sister—What'll she give me—do you know? Will it pay for the trouble of behaving myself?

A MISTAKEN FEMALE.

At a recent performance in a New York opera house, after the great foot-ball game, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe: "Aint it too bad that those poor fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

A SAD CASE.

Jones—There has not been much suffering this winter, thanks to the mildness of the weather.

Smith—Hasn't been much suffering? Great Caesar, you ought to talk to my wife. She has only one chance this whole winter to show off her new seal-skin sacque.

IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

Van Bleecker—They say that Jay Gould is suffering from enlargement of the heart.

Knickerbocker—Suffering from enlargement of the heart! Well, he didn't show any signs of it when the New York World's Fair Committee called on him for a subscription. On the contrary, his heart seems to contract whenever the subject is mentioned.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

A.—How is your friend over in Boston coming on?

B.—I am sorry to say that his health is giving way.

A.—I didn't suppose anything was given away in Boston.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mrs. C.—Just think of it. Poor Mrs. Blank has died, and her youngest child is not able to walk.

Mrs. D.—Not able to walk! I dare say that the disconsolate widower will make it an excuse for marrying again that the child needs a step-mother right off.

ON THE CARS.

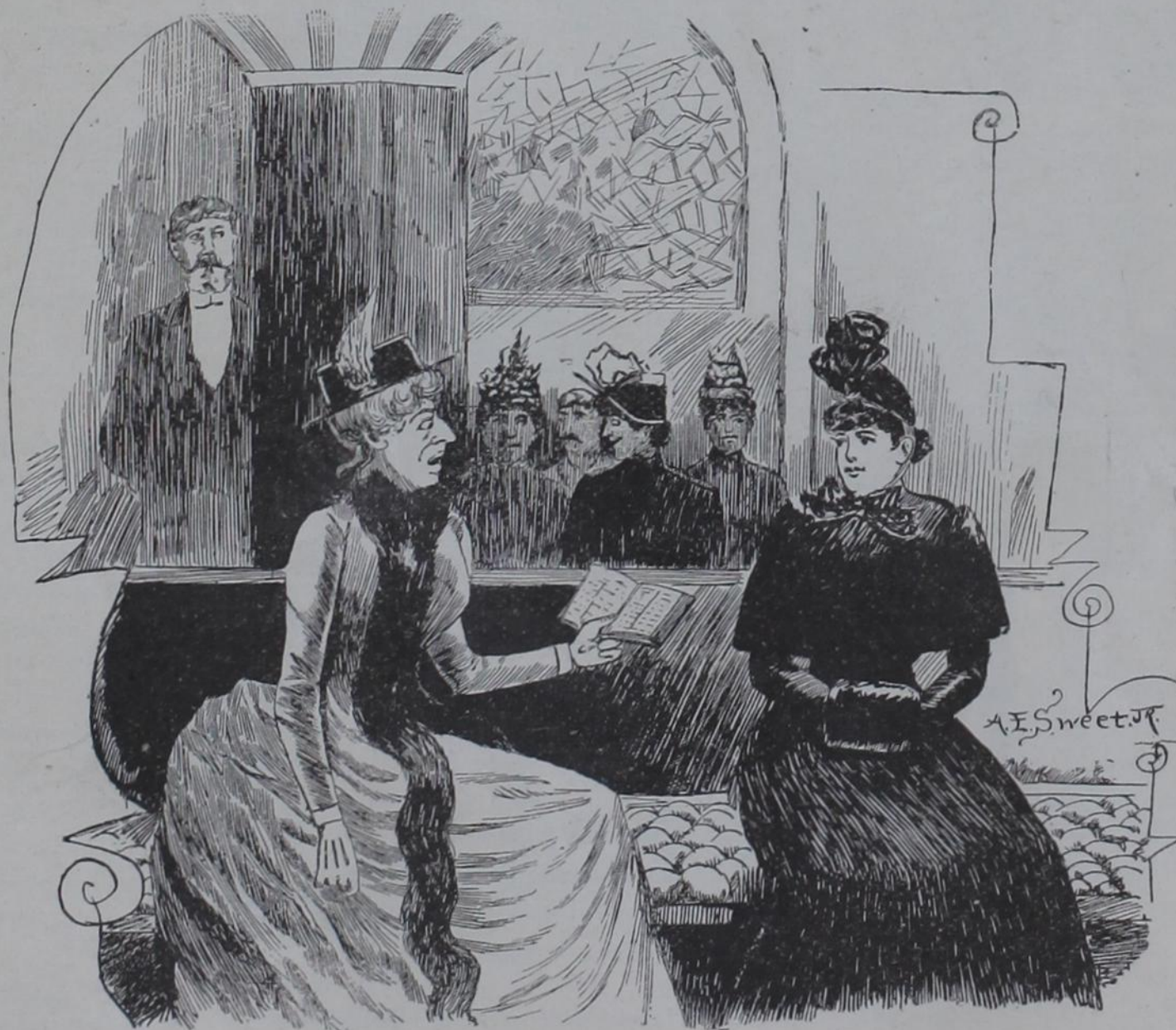
Drummer—What's the current news?

Farmer—No news about currents at all, but I am afraid that the Delaware peach crop is ruined. It always is at this season of the year.

FIDO AND THE CHILDREN.

Fashionable Lady (mother of several children)—Nurse, I am going out now.

Yes, mum.



IN THE BIBLE CLASS.

Old Maid Teacher—You read the Bible very carefully, no doubt, Miss Fanny; now please tell which part of it do you like best.

Miss Fanny—That verse that reads "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"



QUITE THE REVERSE.

"I s'pose, Silas," said Uncle Abner to his son who had returned from a visit to the city, "that all those gals you met at the ball at Bob's were all dressed up to kill."

"Naw," replied the young man, "peared to me they were all dressed down!"

Lady—And as I am going to take Fido with me, you can turn the heat off entirely until we get back. If the children cry put them to bed.

LEGISLATIVE INTELLIGENCE.

Tommy—I say, pa, are the members of Congress all tailors?

Parent—Why do you ask such a silly question?

Tommy—Well, if they ain't tailors why are they always taking measures.

ART NOTE.

First Artist—I have got an order from Mrs. Portly to paint her portrait.

Second Artist—I suppose she wants a good likeness, something that looks life-like and natural?

First Artist—No, on the contrary. She says she wants a handsome picture.

A CONSIDERATE PARENT.

Johnny—I had colic, all night, pa.

Pa—Why didn't you call me, Johnny?

Johnny—Because, pa, I didn't want to disturb you.

Pa—Next time you have the colic at night, Johnny, just call me. You need not be afraid of disturbing me, for I sleep so sound you can't wake me up no matter how much noise you make. Be sure and call me, Johnny.

JOURNALISM IN TEXAS.

Visitor—I have here a little gem entitled "The Lay of the Mocking Bird." Have you room for it on your inside?

Texas Editor—Humph! If you have any fresh specimens of the lay of the hen I'll try and find room for them in my inside.

METEOROLOGICAL ITEM.

Philadelphian—You blow a great deal about your native State; which is your native State?

Stranger—Kansas.

Philadelphian—Well, when the cyclones are taken into consideration I suppose you have a great deal to blow about.

SANITARY ITEM.

Doctor—What you need is more exercise in the open air.

Patient—But, Doctor, I am a mason. I should think I had exercise enough.

Doctor—You work by the day, don't you?

Patient—Yes.

Doctor—Then I was right after all about your not getting sufficient exercise in the open air.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Fanny—I s young Smithers still paying you his addresses?

Emma—Yes; he calls every once in a while.

Fanny—And has his heart not yet been inflamed by the tender passion?

Emma—No; his heart has not been inflamed, but he came very near having inflammation of the lungs when the grip tackled him. That's the nearest he ever came to it.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

I hear that your friend Jones has lost his wife.

Robinson—Yes; it is a terrible blow to him. She bore him fourteen children, and she never gave him a cross word in her life.

Smith—That's re-

markable. Her motto must have been "bear and forbear."

A BAD YEAR FOR HIM.

Judge—I shall have to fine you ten dollars for being drunk and disorderly.

Prisoner—But, your Honor, please take into consideration what a mild winter we have had.

Judge—What has that got to do with paying your fine?

Prisoner—It has a great deal to do with it, your Honor. I am a poor unfortunate plumber.

FINANCIAL ITEM.

A.—There seems to have been some financial irregularity about one of those bank officials in New York.

B.—I don't see how you can charge a Wall street man, who is always swindling people all his life, with financial irregularity when he wrecks a bank.

WIDOWS.

Miss June—"It seems to me that widows don't receive the proper amount of public sympathy on account of their bereavement."

Mr. Smith—"They don't deserve it: Half of 'em are to blame for it themselves."

"I don't understand you."

"I will explain. Take the case of our rich friend, Cusick, who died two weeks ago. Well, last Sunday afternoon his widow was out walking with his executor."

"I think that is a very mean insinuation!"

"Possibly, but I think not. One widow with whom I am acquainted was known to remark, as she buried her seventh husband: 'If it wasn't for hope the heart would break.' What do you think of that?"

"I don't believe it."

"I know of still another instance. This happened in Paris. The lady complained that her husband went to America, and for five long years she did not have a line from him."

"Poor unfortunate woman," sympathized Miss June.

"Yes, poor thing," sneered Smith, "she was not complaining because she did not hear from him. Oh, no! Not being able to show a certificate of death, the poor unfortunate woman could not get a divorce and marry again. Hard, wasn't it?"

"Very hard—to believe. But say, why are you so prejudiced against widows?"

"I married one!"

INSUFFICIENTLY PROTECTED.

Algy—Aw! your hand is cold this mawning, Cholly.

Cholly—Yaas—left off me bwacelet.

Lighthouse Bored—The actor compelled to play to one.



THE REVENGEFUL ASH CART MAN.

The ash man, not having been "tipped" on New Year's, slams down the new metallic ash can with unnecessary violence.

How the can appeared on Tuesday.

On Wednesday.

Victory of the ash man. Complete collapse of the can on Saturday.

BARBERS.



BRIEF DISCOURSE BY THE REV. WHANGDOODLE BAXTER, OF THE AUSTIN BLUE LIGHT COLORED TABERNACLE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Barberism am one ob de most learned perfeshuns ter which my African feller-citizens am most addicted. Shaving and cuttin' a man's ha'r am mighty easy work when compared ter chop-pin' wood or

grubbin' corn on a hot day. Dat's why most ob de barbers am of African descent.

In old times barbers was surgeons. A great many ob 'em am so yet—de razor don't hurt so much as de customer's face do.

De wust sin laid ter de charge ob barbers am talkin' too much, and de troof am de barbers do talk too much. We nebber hears no more erbout de phonograph. Does yer know why? Bekase it has gone inter a barber shop and been talked ter deff.

Heah! Heah! I was a barber myself befoah I reformed and was snatched like a bran' from de burnin' and became a member ob de ministry. Not long arter I had begun ter preach de gospel ter sinful man, I was suddenly called on ter baptize free candidates. I got erlong berry well, but arter I had ducked de fust one, I done fergot myse'f, and s'prised de congregashun by callin' out Next!

De beard am one ob de greatest inflicshuns what grows on man, unless you nebber shaves. Nebberdeless, ebbery boy am dyin' ter go ter a barber shop and git shabed. Does yer know what shabin' a boy reminds me ob? A barber shabin' a boy am like Jay Goul' reducin' expenses—he has ter cut down. Heah! Heah!

I nebber knowed ob but one case whar de barber and de customer were bofe happy. De barber talked on widout bein' interrupted, and de customer was deaf.

De barber has ercashun ter notice how many white folks am becomin' bald-headed. Not only de ole man, but most ob de young men am losin' dar ha'r. One day I had a customer and dar wuz no more ha'r on his head den on a young watermillyun. Pattin' him on de head, I said:

"Kurnel, what you needs am a bottle ob my Magic Ha'r Restorer."

"Dat's where you are off, Whangdoodle," said he; "what I needs most am a divorce."

De busy time fur de barber am Saturday night. Job has de name ob habin' been a patient man, but ef he had entered a barber shop ter hab a shabe Saturday

night just after de feller what gits his ha'r cut, he would hab cussed out creashun and died.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

BASE-BALL.

Already the players are beginning to discuss base-ball matters. It is evident that base-ball has not lost its grip on the American people.

Base-ball is not, as many suppose, a modern institution that has recently come into fashion. The sage of the Chicago Ledger settles the question of the antiquity of the game by calling attention to the undoubted historical fact of the Roman emperor occupying his leisure in catching flies.

Although base-ball is the great national game of this country, there are people who can get enough, and a little over, of base-ball when it is in season. Last season when the entire country was thrilling with excitement in regard to the possession of the pennant, a much nauseated editor down South wrote indignantly as follows:

"How long; oh, how long will the base-ball season last? We will welcome the bitter blighting blasts of winter, we will contentedly shiver as we cower over the smoky stove in our sanctum, if it takes this to put a stop to the base-ball season. For then we can open our dusty exchanges with a strong hope of finding reading matter which we can understand, and from which we may be able to extract something which we can lay before our readers with the hope of interesting and amusing them."

May the fates speed the day when the base-ball season shall end, and our city dailies cease to fill column after column with incomprehensible jargon used in the make-up of their accounts of how "eight to eight at twelfth inning made a very interesting game," and how "the Pelicans came in with high spirits, but a goose egg rattled them badly," etc., etc., ad nauseam.

ALMOST A HINT.

Medical Student—Do you know, Miss Fanny, that the action of the human heart is sufficiently strong to lift every twenty-four hours one hundred and twenty pounds?

She (blushing)—Y-e-s? That's just my weight.

DENTAL ITEM.

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain?

Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet, occasionally.

TWO OPINIONS.

Algy (who has more than he wants)—Pooh! Riches have wings!

Poor Jack (who hasn't enough)—Maybe; but they're mighty slow in flying towards a fellow.

AT THE FUNERAL.

First Sister—Why don't you cry?

Second Sister—Can't! Left my embroidered handkerchief at home.

JOURNALISTIC ITEM.

Friend with manuscript—I flatter myself with the hope that this poem will meet with your approval.

Editor—Yes, you flatter yourself.

As the grandmother's slipper is bent the youthful bad boy is inclined.



AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

FIRST STUDENT—What makes your dog howl so dismally?

SECOND STUDENT—He always howls when I wear these bone cuff-buttons. They were made out of one of the bones of his mother.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

BY S. E. GLOVER.



CERTAINLY, my boy, I shall die with my boots on. It is my fate. Nothing I can do will prevent it. It is the Fairburns' doom."

"Nonsense, Jack. I have never heard anything more absurd. Why, you can't have an enemy in the world."

"Neither had my father, nor my brothers—and yet—"

"And yet—what?"

"They all died with their boots on."

The words were spoken slowly, calmly, and with an accent of truth that was not to be mistaken. I looked at my friend in horrified amazement. I had known him many years, and loved him as one man may love another in this selfish, practical nineteenth century, where love and friendship form so small a part of a man's life, and business and speculation so much of it. And, truly, Jack was a lovable fellow, as men go—generous to a fault, whole-souled, active, energetic, manly, a fine talker, a good listener, jolly and sociable; in short, everybody's friend. He was certainly nobody's enemy—unless, perhaps, his own—poor fellow.

His wife adored him. His children were devoted to him. His home was one of the brightest firesides in all the country round. The cook declared that Mrs. Fairburn had more "eatin' cumpny" than any white folks she ever did cook for, but as the increase in her perquisites more than counterbalanced the increase in work at such times, and as "Aunt Milly" was fond of "cumpny" herself, and a jolly old soul at her best, she never carried out her oft repeated threats of leaving, but continued to send in hot "batty cakes" and marvelous "good things" year after year, to the great enjoyment of every one.

Jack's home was out of town—a delightful suburban home, replete with every comfort and convenience; quantities of fruit, melons, grapes, vegetables, fat poultry, and an artificial pond full of choice fish. Jack's "cumpny" were not always of his own selection. The guests often invited themselves, always sure of a cordial welcome, (for Jack's pretty little wife, like himself, was "given to hospitality") but self-invited guests are always so charmingly demonstrative, so delightfully easy to please, and flatter one into such comfortable self-complacency that one is often surprised into a cordial greeting, even when they are a little objectionable; and Jack's guests were seldom that. His home circle itself was an odd mixture of those to the manor born, and those to whom it had become a home through courtesy or kindness, and who had no greater right to its shelter than that of belonging to one common brotherhood; an old lady who had no other home, and who mothered Mrs. Fairburn and grandmothers the children to their mutual gratification; a funny-looking little foreigner who seemed perfectly "at home" and in no wise unwelcome, though no one seemed to know precisely from whence he came, or whither or when he expected to go, and although, as far as I could learn, he had no special claim on any one; a few mongrel dogs that had been given as puppies to the children—dogs of no particular breed, and of no specified use apparently, but fat, self-important curs; ever ready to dispute the right of entrance to any new-comer, human or canine, (as their own had never been disputed) in a harmless way, however, as if to simply intimate that they owned the premises and had the selection of the guests—and perhaps they had as much as anyone else.

Poor Jack! Everybody imposed upon him in some way, even those who loved him best. They could not help it. The temptation was so great. Those that did not care for him found him as helpless as a young rabbit and totally unable to resist their importunities.

I remember one occasion when this was particularly

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A Healthful Tonic.

Used in place of lemons or lime juice it will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

noticeable. A bold unscrupulous woman came to lecture in our town. She was a person shunned by the good and modest of her own sex. Separated from her husband; leading a gay, frivolous life; far from her home duties and her little children; she was one to be pitied, perhaps, but not to be encouraged in the course which she had adopted, by such a model husband and father as our Jack. Yet she wrought upon the sympathies of my soft-hearted, misguided friend, until she inveigled him into consenting to introduce her to an audience of refined, modest ladies and gentlemen before whom she delivered such a lecture as called up a blush to the face of every woman present, including Jack's own wife and daughter, thereby compromising the poor fellow to an alarming degree, both with his church brethren and with the better portion of his intimate associates in society. I can see him now—poor Jack—as he sat on his couch on the stage in lonely dignity, twisting and writhing his form into all sorts of shapes, from sheer nervousness and disgust, as the woman proceeded; and yet prevented by his soft-heartedness from manifesting his just disapprobation in any way.

On the evening of which I write, we were sitting, Jack and I, in my bachelor quarters, smoking. I was endeavoring to persuade him to give up a disagreeable, and, as I thought, a dangerous task which he had undertaken—"for a friend."

"Give it up, Jack," I urged. "Don't let yourself be used as a cat's-paw in this matter. Somebody's finger will be badly burned when they attempt to take those chestnuts out of the fire. Jones knows that. He knows, too, that Slade is an ugly dog to deal with, and dangerous. Give it up. You are a man of family, and you have no right to get yourself into an ugly scrape to save another man from running a like risk. Slade is a slinky sort of a cub, and would as soon shoot you in the back as not. Give it up, dear fellow, and let Jones attend to his own business. A go-between is seldom thanked, in the end, by either party."

I laid my hand persuasively on his shoulder as I spoke. He remained silent, looking up into my face (for I had risen and was standing over him) with those great brown eyes, so like a woman's in their tenderness, fixed on mine. "Give it up, old fellow." My voice trembled a little in spite of my six feet of manhood. Jack drew a long sigh of intense relief, as if a weight had been lifted from him.

"Well, I think I shall, Dick. To tell you the truth," and he arose and shook himself as if he had just come out of deep waters, and his brow cleared wonderfully—"to tell you the truth, this thing has worried me no little. In fact, I think Slade was in my mind when I spoke of dying in my boots just now. He's an ugly dog to deal with, as you say, and the dear little wife and chicks at home would miss me sadly if I left them to the tender mercies of this cruel world. The truth is they are a family of conies, Dick, innocent and helpless. It wouldn't do for me to leave them unprotected."

"Yes, and you are the most perfect coney of any of them," I thought to myself, as he picked up his boyish, soft hat, and started with me down the street twirling a slender little cane in his hand. "You should get a pistol for yourself, Jack, or a heavier stick than that. You live so far out of town that it is scarcely safe for you to be without something of the kind, is it?"

"No; you are right. I'll get a pistol now while I think of it," he replied, and we went together and selected a good seven-shooter, for burglars ostensibly—but I think we both felt the same shadow of an approaching need for it, at the time, that was not connected with professional robbers, at any rate.

That evening Jack told me the history of his father and brothers.

Many years ago his father had sheltered a man in Texas who was suspected of horse-stealing; and touched by the poor wretch's pitiful tale of woe, had helped him to make his escape. That night a band of masked men came at midnight. It was the same old horrible story. The demon called Judge Lynch reigned in the land, and

"His headstrong riot hath no curb."

After a night of horrors unspeakable a fair June morning dawned upon a strong man riddled with bullets, writhing in untold agony in the arms of a frenzied, half-crazed wife, and surrounded by fair young sons, grown to bitter manhood in a single night. Even after the lapse of so many years, Jack could scarcely command his voice to tell me of it.

His eldest brother was killed at Shiloh, and his youngest—the widowed mother's "baby-boy"—tortured to frenzy by a heartless woman whom he madly loved, rose from his bed in poor Jack's own home, dressed himself in what was to have been his wedding suit,

took Jack's own razor, went out into the dawning light of a spring morning, laid his young head on a bed of pansies that she had planted, wrapped a large soft towel about his neck, and cut his throat from ear to ear. When they found him he was stiff, for he had been dead some hours; but he had closed his own eyes and laid himself out for burial. It was only necessary to bring a coffin, cleanse the beardless throat of its ghastly stain, and lay him to rest on the spot he himself had evidently chosen for his last couch. The old mother's heart broke then, and in a few weeks they laid her beside him in the bed of pansies.

The day following my interview with Jack I was busy in my office over a case of murder. I felt confident that my client was guilty, and yet I was using my utmost endeavor to prove him innocent. All my sympathies were with the murdered man, his poor, penniless young widow and his helpless orphans—and yet—"For this are we lawyers," I quoted in disgust, as I rose and went out to shake off the repugnance to my task which was creeping over me by a short walk.

A crowd had collected in the street about a block north of my office. I instinctively turned my steps in that direction.

"What is the row?" I inquired of a small boy who gaped up at me, wide eyed with horror, as I approached him on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Col. Jack Fairburn's been shot, sir."

"Who shot him?"

"Mr. Slade, sir."

"Was my blood freezing in my veins?"

"Where is he?"

"In his office up stairs; his wife's with him."

Oh! how cold it had suddenly grown. I shivered and my teeth chattered in my head. For a moment I seemed unable to realize anything but my own physical discomfort. The next I found myself beside my dying friend.

"It's all over, Dick," he gasped; "I didn't take your advice. Jones seemed—so anxious for me to attend to—this little matter—for him. He said he thought—I could do it—so—much better—than he. Perhaps—it will all come out right—some day. Light—out—of—darkness.—What are you doing, Dick? That's right—don't—let—me—die—with—my—boots—on."

Alas! a shriek from the kneeling wife told me I was too late. My friend, like his father and brothers, had died with his boots on.

After an interval, whether moments or hours I cannot say, I seemed to hear persons talking as in a dream. Jones was speaking in a subdued voice, it is true, but quite calmly.

"Poor fellow! you say he had a pistol with him, but hesitated to shoot until it was too late? That is singular. It proves conclusively to my mind that the shooting was somehow accidental. You know that either you or I would have defended ourselves unhesitatingly where there was any necessity for it. Yes, it is true that Fairburn was everybody's friend; but then you know in emergencies one must look out for one's self, and Fairburn was no coward. In my opinion it was a most unfortunate accident."

My client's case came off the next week. He was convicted and afterwards hung. Slade was tried some months after and convicted of manslaughter. It was proved that he and Jack had never been unfriendly. Jones was Slade's lawyer.

NAMING A DUMPLING.

Two men were dining at a railway station restaurant. One of the articles served was a dish of very large apple dumplings.

"What am them, Pat?" said Jimmy.

"Dunno, unless they might be some kind of eggs. Let's try one on the dawg," and he tossed a large one under the table.

It was so hot that when it became fast in the puppy's teeth he howled with pain and began pawing it frantically first on one side of his mouth and then on the other.

"Oh, Jimmy," cried Pat, "I see what it is! One o' them things they calls juice harps in this country."

HOW THE MOON LOOKED.

Four-year-old May, on seeing the new moon one evening, exclaimed with delight, "Oh, look, mamma, look! The moon's cut just like a slice of musk melon!"

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.



THE crowbar is a pry-mover in a great many enterprises.—Binghamton Leader.

THERE is a great deal of sparking done on the electric-car routes.—Boston Gazette.

MR. SILCOTT is not a sailor, but he is the skipper of the House just the same.—Washington Capital.

WHAT interesting things we don't see when we have our pencils ready!—Oil City Derrick.

A CROSSED woman is nearly as dangerous as a crossed electric wire.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

THE cat's purr is the sign of peace. The rooster's spur is an emblem of war.—Yonkers Statesmen.

A SHORT acquaintance—the man who is always wanting to borrow money.—Burlington Free Press.

IT is odd how often a brave man will face a thing after he has refused to countenance it.—Baltimore American.

NOW that there are forty-two stars on the American flag the Union ought to go ahead at a two-forty gait.—Toronto Globe.

THE man who doesn't know where his next dollar is to come from always sends it where his last went.—Philadelphia Times.

ONE is never so devoutly oblivious to worldly affairs as when the plate reaches one's particular pew.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ALL the evidence thus far presented indicates that a spring chicken is a hen in its second childhood.—Binghamton Leader.

THE ball season is here again and sad to say many a man who goes to a ball gets on a bat before it is over.—Boston Courier.

THE Exact Dimensions of Chicago—Chicago is 173 miles square, and, when it is right muddy, knee deep.—Indianapolis News.

WHEN you can induce a man to hold your horse in the rain, how natural it is to tarry around the fire on the inside!—Atchison Globe.

A NEW burlesque is called "My Sister's Hair." It is a take-off, of course, and will be "done up" in the papers.—Yonkers Statesman.

IN a State Poultry Convention it would be common politeness only to invite the hen to attend as a lay delegate.—Baltimore American.

THE Titans made a great deal of trouble in mythological times, and the tight 'uns make much mischief now.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

EVERY man ought to be as good as his word. Nothing is expected of those who never have a good word for anybody.—New Orleans Picayune.

AN exchange tells "how to make a fountain pen work satisfactorily." Another way is to give it to one of your enemies.—Norristown Herald.

THE dressed-beef magnates refuse to tell the Senate Committee the secret of their business. With them the tail doesn't go with the hide.—Lowell Courier.

HOW hard some men will struggle to build a little reputation and will at once give up the ghost when it comes to building a kitchen fire.—Kearney Enterprise.

THE difference between the successful merchant and the physician simply is this: One gets his business for his pains, and one gets pains for his business.—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm bright. I'm sharp," exclaimed the counterfeiter when he stood up for sentence. "Yes, you're guilt-edged," observed the judge, prior to giving him twenty years for reflection.—San Francisco Alta.

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.

Joe Howard's Way.

Joe Howard, Jr., is a remarkable man. For a good many years we have thought so, and year by year we become more and more convinced of it. As we figure it, Howard is now turned of his sixtieth year; for a period of thirty years he has been the foremost correspondent in the United States; his constituency is larger and his work is better now than ever before, and at this time, too, we find him, after thirty years of conspicuous service, as full of fire, of enthusiasm and mettle as he was when, during the civil war time, he was frisking hither and thither, framing the most remarkable special dispatches ever sent over the wire to a daily journal.

By those who know Joe Howard he is heartily beloved, for he is a man of cordial nature, of generous impulses, and of straightforward methods; by those who are not personally acquainted with him he is very generally misunderstood, as a writer of his bold, energetic and slapdash style is (strangely enough) likely to be. Howard is, to a degree, a man of the world, but without selfishness, without meanness and without deceit. He has made mistakes—some serious ones—and he admits them and is sorry for them; he has been very human, but, with it all, very humane, and that kind of humanity is admirable and lovable. We think very highly and very much of Joe Howard, Jr.

The other evening we were asking Howard how it was that he contrived to keep so young, so vigorous and so buoyant all these years, and he told us it was all because he had kept on good terms with himself.

"A serious mistake that most men make," said he, "is in not understanding, in not being frank with, and in not being good to, themselves. The golden rule is very lovely and I believe in it, but I also believe that every man should know himself and be good to himself. I have tried to be good to myself and honest with myself all my life. Every night before I go to bed I stand before my mirror and, arranging the collar of my night-gown, or brushing my moustache, or rubbing my old bald head with bay rum, I look at myself in the mirror and I say: 'Ah, Joe, old boy, how are you feeling? You're looking well—not very much hair, old man—but you're looking fat and happy. Have you had a good day of it? Have you been good to yourself? Have you done anything to be sorry for?'"

"Then, perhaps, I say in answer to these questions: 'No, I've been only fairly good to myself to-day, and I'm not as comfortable as I ought to be.' Then I say: 'Come, come, Joe, old boy, don't get blue—don't feel dispirited! Brace up and determine to be more careful hereafter. Don't let me hear you whining or complaining. Go to bed, old man, thinking only of the bright side of life, and get up to-morrow fresh and strong for more good things.' Or very often Joe says to me, 'Yes, I've had a good time to-day—I've been good to myself and I feel like a fighting-cock.' Then I say to Joe: 'That's right, old boy! That's the way to feel and that's the way to talk! Now, go to bed and sleep soundly—no monkey business—good night, Joe, pleasant dreams! Then I shake hands with myself, turn out the gas, and jump into bed, and, heavens, how I do sleep—as soundly and as peacefully as a child! There's nothing like it. There's nothing like being good to oneself and being on good terms with oneself.'—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

Scathing.

"As we were going down town the other evening," says the editor of our most highly valued exchange, The Peapod Bugle, "we were deeply pained by

the conduct of some boys on the post-office corner, the offence being made double by the fact that our wife and our wife's sister and our young lady cousin were with us. Regardless of this fact, the boys referred to used language unbecoming to our ear or to the ear of our wife and our wife's sister and our young lady cousin, and we would say in all kindness, 'Boys, be gentlemen!' Bad language is not the mark of a gentleman, particularly when used in the presence of us and our wife and our wife's sister and our young lady cousin, and we trust that this is the last time our columns will be filled with a reproof of this kind. It pains us to be thus called on to rebuke wrong-doing, but we will do our duty regardless of consequences. Hence we write this. Don't let it be repeated, for we are a gentleman and cannot appreciate unlady-like or ungentleman-like doings."—Drake's Magazine.

An Empress' Wardrobe.

For many years Eugenie ruled the world in matters of taste and fashion. When she left the Tuileries her wardrobes were sights to behold, for in her flight she could take but little. There were dresses of styles, materials and colors enough to have costumed an army of beautiful women. Most of them had been worn only once, many not at all. There were hats and bonnets by the hundreds, mantles, fans, laces, boots and also semi-precious articles in gold and silver, parasols, opera glasses, card cases, many of them blazing with her monogram in diamonds. There were packages of lace-trimmed underclothes, dozens of which had never been opened. A madness for mere buying seems to have seized her when she entered a shop, for she ordered right and left everything beautiful that caught her fancy, and then forgot what she had bought. The clothes presses were crammed with such purchases. There were parasols with handles of gold, studded with turquoises, boots with ruby buttons, piles of the little jeweled bonbon boxes she used to scatter so freely, even small things like pins, needles and scissors, in quantities that she could not have the slightest use for. The only queen of to-day who can match this in luxury and extravagance is the Queen of Portugal, who spends money in the same reckless manner, and buys by the wholesale.—Exchange.

Grady Adapted Depew's Course.

At the last public dinner in New York which Henry W. Grady attended he sat opposite Chauncey M. Depew. Toward the end of the banquet Mr. Grady remarked to a gentleman by his side:

"I've been watching Mr. Depew, and I notice he drinks no wine. Is that his custom?"

"Yes; he drinks almost nothing. The greatest indulgence I ever knew him to allow himself was to barely sip occasionally from his champagne glass."

"Well I've about made up my mind that that is the only course to adopt if you want to make an after-dinner speech that is worth hearing or worth remembering. I mean to make it my rule hereafter."—N. Y. Sun.

The Voice.

Those who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy. Containing nothing injurious, they may be used as often as required, and will not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams. For forty years they have been recommended by physicians, and widely used, being known all over the world as one of the few staple cough remedies. Sold only in boxes.

Divorce in the Belfry.

The author of *Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life*, himself a clergyman, narrates an amusing anecdote which his reverend grandfather used to tell about an ignorant young couple in his parish. The old minister had married them, but the marriage had turned out to be ill-advised, and after a while things came to a desperate pass.

The couple had vast, undefined ideas of what a rector could do, and it entered into their foolish minds that he might be able to undo their unhappy marriage. So they asked him whether he could not take them into church again and perform some service which would set them free, as they had been before. The rector meditated for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I think if you come to church I can put you in the way of becoming unmarried. But it is a curious kind of business, and instead of coming to the altar, as before, you will have to go into the belfry."

The unfortunate pair readily assented, and at an appointed hour went to the church, where the rector marched them into the belfry.

"You see those two trestles," he began. "The husband will have to stand on one of them, and the wife on the other."

With much wonderment the man and woman followed his instructions.

"Now, each of you take a bell-rope in your hand."

This was done.

"Now, then, tie the ropes round your necks and jump off the trestles."

"Good luck, sir!" said one of them, "we should be hanging ourselves!"

"Exactly," said the minister, "that is just what I mean. The only way in which you can unmarry yourselves in church is by hanging yourselves in the belfry."

The young couple dropped the rope in haste, and the minister proceeded to give them a lecture upon mutual forbearance and affection, it is to be hoped with good results.—Youth's Companion.

Put on the Brakes

If you find you are going down hill in point of health. Failing strength, impaired digestion and assimilation are the marks of decline. Check these and other indications of premature decay with the grand vitalizer and restraining tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Beginning at the fountain head, the stomach, the Bitters remedies its inefficiency, corrects its errors, and sets it vigorously at work. The digestive organ is thus enabled to thoroughly separate from the food its nutritive principles, which the blood assimilating, is enriched. Thus is the system nourished, and being nourished strengthened, and abnormal waste of its tissues stayed. Appetite, the power to rest well, a regular habit are also re-established, and the various functions move once more in their natural and healthful groove. The Bitters, moreover, is a specific for and preventive of malarial complaints, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

Clearly Incompetent.

"I will ask you, Mr. Soltroom," began the attorney, "to state whether you know of any reason why you cannot serve as a competent juror in this case?"

"I know of—ah—ah—kit-chew!—kit-chew!—no reason why I—k-chee!—cannot, sir," replied the man.

"Your Honor," exclaimed the lawyer, sharply, "this man is evidently subject to hay fever, which is notoriously an ailment that afflicts only intellectual persons. I challenge him for cause."—Chicago Tribune.

A Strong Combine.

Earl—"I see the typewriters are forming unions all over the country."

Wilson—"Indeed; I hadn't heard it. Trade unions?"

Earl—"No; matrimonial."—Puck.

If you are tired taking the large, old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself till you are weak and sick is not good commonsense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all Liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



JOSEPH P. REYNOLDS.

The above portrait is a faithful likeness of Mr. Joseph P. Reynolds, the able and genial resident manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Reynolds was born in 1848 at Salem, Mass., and at the early age of sixteen began his theatrical career at the Boston Theatre. At the age of twenty he went with Spalding and Bidwell through the South, and a year later quit the stage for the business department, in which he has remained in various capacities ever since. Under Eugene Tompkins Mr. Reynolds has conducted the Fifth Avenue Theatre with remarkable tact, judgment and ability, and has made hosts of friends in the kindred professions of the stage and journalism by his genial courtesy, his jovial disposition and the practical exercise of that warm fraternal feeling which endears men to one another. As a business manager he is shrewd, prompt and discriminating, while his twenty-four years of experience in the theatrical business entitle him to the high position he holds in the estimation of his fellows.

A Few Lawyers and Physicians Wanted.

Every man should adopt a line of life to which he feels himself called—be it a trade, a business or a profession; and, once embarked, he should do all that in him lies to win success, without counting the number of his competitors. And Mr. Chittenden's eloquence ran away with his judgment when he said: "If I could speak with the power of silver-tongued Isaiah I should lead all young men to the path of educated mechanical productive labor." His vehemence must be pardoned him for his cause, for never was there a time when such advice as he gave was more needed, when the American mechanic is almost becoming a thing of the past. But we protest against an Utopia consisting entirely of mechanics. Let us have lawyers and physicians, too. And if a Shakspeare should be born among us let us not make a stage carpenter of him or turn a Handel into an "harmonious blacksmith." There is room for many kinds of men in this wide world, even an editor or so to pour cold ink on overheated fancies. And what

would silver-tongued Isaiah say could he rise from his long slumber to hear that preachers should be banished from a world in which they could not make a living?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The South-Western Limited.

The popular South-Western Limited continues to leave Grand Central Station daily at 10:50 A. M., arriving at Cincinnati at 8:05 A. M., Indianapolis at 10:30 A. M., and St. Louis at 6:00 P. M. the next day, by the New York Central, Lake Shore and "Big Four" Route. The train is heated by steam, lighted by gas, and vestibuled throughout.

The Café, Smoking and Library car in service on this train is an entirely new feature of railway equipment just introduced by the Wagner Palace Car Company, and is much appreciated by the traveling public.

His Crime.

Visitor (in the Tombs)—"Why are you here, my poor man?"

Prisoner—"Because the district attorney hasn't time to try me!"—Puck.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

Chilling Receptions.

The public speaker who is sure of a cordial reception from his audience may consider half the battle won, says the Youth's Companion, but he who is either received with coolness or compelled to bear ruthless comment on his intentions may be excused for stage fright.

A young man who had returned to his native town, after an absence of years, as the advocate of certain theories which the village fathers pronounced "shaller and sinful," was somewhat taken aback by the speech of a worthy deacon who had volunteered to introduce him to the audience before whom he proposed lecturing.

"This is little Johnny Wyatt," said the deacon, rising. "You all knew him when he wa'n't knee-high to a quart bottle. He's come down here to tell us old folks how to live—and, when he's finished what he's got to say, we'll take advantage of havin' met together to talk over that matter o' the new town pump."

Such ruthless underestimates of his mission quite unnerved the young man, and he hurried through his lecture, feeling at the end as if he knew no more about it than his hearers, and that only the prospective town pump was worthy of universal interest.

One can imagine that Mrs. Livermore was so amused that her lecture by no means suffered at the introduction afforded her not long ago in a country town.

"You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman."

A younger woman, not long ago, when lecturing on Woman's Rights, was accorded a more grudging reception.

"This lady's come to talk about her rights," said a bluff farmer, who boasted of his ability to look on all sides. "She's hired the hall, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say, you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle on't."

But of all extraordinary remarks of an introductory character, one of the strangest was that which prefaced a lecture by John A. Andrew. He had gone to Boxford, where the "old homestead" still stood, to deliver the opening lecture in a lyceum course. His family and many invited guests assembled, with the towns-people, at the red-hot school-house.

Mr. Andrew ascended the platform and waited to be introduced. In due time the chairman of the committee turned to him and announced, sternly:

"You may now begin."

A New Tenant from Chicago.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murphy; have you—"

"Stop right where you are, Mrs. Burns! I am onto you wid a smile. You never lived near enough to the 'arth to spring the likes of that on me. I don't use soap in the morning, Mrs. Burns; nor do I save me wrappers; or wear the three-dollar shoe; or eat A. B. C.; or take a hundred doses for a dollar; but when the likes of you tries to guy me so early in the morning, you had better drink 'cookoo' for your supper!"—Puck.

Opium and Morphine Habit Cured. No pain. No exposure. Trial free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
CHANCE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

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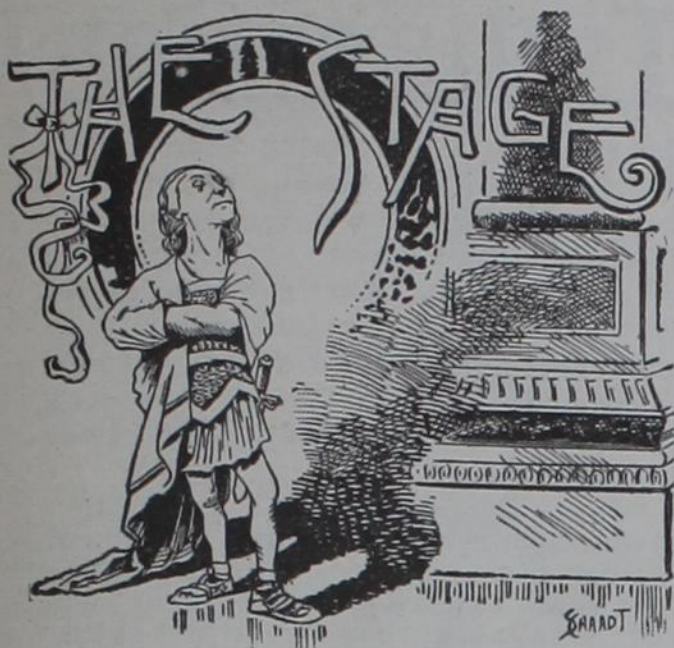
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Shenandoah will run through the season at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre.

The comic opera, *The Gondoliers*, is produced in splendid style at Palmer's Theatre.

Oliver Doud Byron is taking audiences Across the Continent nightly at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre.

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The King's Fool, a spectacular comic opera, is drawing well at Niblo's. There is tuneful music and it is staged in an elaborate manner.

Sydney Rosenfeld considers his new play, now being played at the Standard Theatre, as *The Stepping Stone* to a fortune. We hope it may be.

Henry Guy Carlton has written a New York comedy, *The Pembertons*, which was produced in Albany last week for the first time with marked success.

The World's Fair seems to have gone up, but you can go to Union Square Theatre and see *The County Fair*. It is enjoying a long and profitable run.

A translation, or adaptation, rather, of Sardou's comedy, *Bill Maman*, is on the boards at Daly's. It is the work of Mr. Paulton and entitled *A Priceless Paragon*. As *You Like It* is continued at the matinees. At the close of the regular season *A Midsummer Nights Dream* will be produced for a time.

Wanted to Hear It.

The principal of one of our great college preparatory schools became, in his old age, unusually sweet tempered and lovable—an old, ruddy faced man he was, with silver hair and a good humored countenance.

The village which held his famous school valued and revered him. But he had the frequent infirmity of the old of retelling his venerable stories incessantly, and many kind of stops and evasions were in demand in dealing with the good doctor.

One day he carefully pinned a neighbor on the street, and began—apropos of nothing at all—to introduce a threadbare anecdote, funny at its outset, doubtless, but now no longer able to provoke a smile.

The lady, in her desperation, professed a vivid recollection of the story, and made a reckless plunge into another subject.

"Do you remember it?" ejaculated the delighted old gentleman, not at all offended. And then, edging nearer, and with a fresh sparkle of interest in his kindly eyes, "Then please tell it to me!"—Youth's Companion.

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COURTING is not unlike a game of poker in that a young man sometimes gets a flush on the go in.—Binghamton Herald.

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A Joking Woman.

"Now you say that you have always been a loving and faithful wife and that your husband has no cause for complaint, do you?" asked a lawyer of an Indiana woman opposing her husband's petition for a divorce.

"Yes, sir; I do say that very thing," was the reply.

"You never threw sticks of wood at him, or hot water over him, did you?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I may have done that once or twice in a playful way."

"Oh, you did? And were you joking when you chased him all over the house with a red hot poker?"

"Yes, I was; and he knows it, too."

"Didn't you sew him up in the bed-clothes one night and pound him with a club?"

"Well, now, the idea of a man trying to get a divorce from his own lovin' wife for a little joke like that!"

"Oh, so that was a joke too, eh? Was it intended for a joke when you knocked him down cellar and threw three flat-irons after him?"

"Of course it was. I always was a joky kind of a woman."

"I should say so. You thought it a joke when you locked him out of the house with the thermometer below zero and he had to sleep in the hen-roost. That was a joke, eh?"

"Pshaw, now! He's gone and told you of that little caper of mine, has he? Well, he never could take a joke, nohow."

"A few more of your jokes would have killed him."

The judge thought so, too, and gave the man his "bill," whereupon his spouse of the past said:

"The idee of a man bein' allowed a divorce from the true and lovin' wife of his buzzum for a few little jokes like that. There ain't no justice in it."—Free Press.

Luxurious Travel on the "Erie."

EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS:—I recently had occasion to travel from Cincinnati to New York, and made the journey on the Limited Express of the Erie Railway, which leaves Cincinnati at 1:40 p. m., and arrives in New York at 5:45 p. m. the next day. It was my first experience on a limited train, and my knowledge of what it was I must admit was exceedingly vague. I thought perhaps the view it afforded of the country was limited; or it was limited in time, or number of passengers; or maybe (though not probable) limited to people with a limited amount of money. But I found it to be a royal train fit for an emperor to go to his coronation in. In the first place it is vestibuled—inclosed together so that you pass from one car to another without any exposure to the weather. Then all the cars are sleepers of the latest improved pattern; and there is an elegant dining-car where you can dine luxuriously for less than it would cost you at an ordinary restaurant, taking all the time that you desire. The same train leaves New York for the West every day in the week at 3:00 p. m. from Chambers St. Ferry. Do not fail to take the Erie Railway limited, if you wish to travel with speed, safety and comfort. G.

A Club Wit.

Dolliver—"Young Pampano seems to have quite a reputation as a wit."

Heavywaite (dryly)—"I have noticed it."

Dolliver—"All the club men roar at his jokes, while I fail to see a spark of fun in anything he says."

Heavywaite (as before)—"You forget that you have not borrowed any money from him."—Time.

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Badly Twisted.

Customer (rushing into hardware store)—"I've just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper."

Facetious Dealer—"Don't you mean a pop-corner?"

"Yes, a cop-porner. Hurry up."

"Don't you mean a pon-corper?"

"Hang it (excitedly), I said porn-cop-per, didn't I?"

"No (also excited), you said pon-cor-per."

"I said corp-ponner."

"You said porp-conner."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"You lie."

"You're another."

"Take that."

"And that."

(Five dollars or thirty days next morning.)—New York Sun.

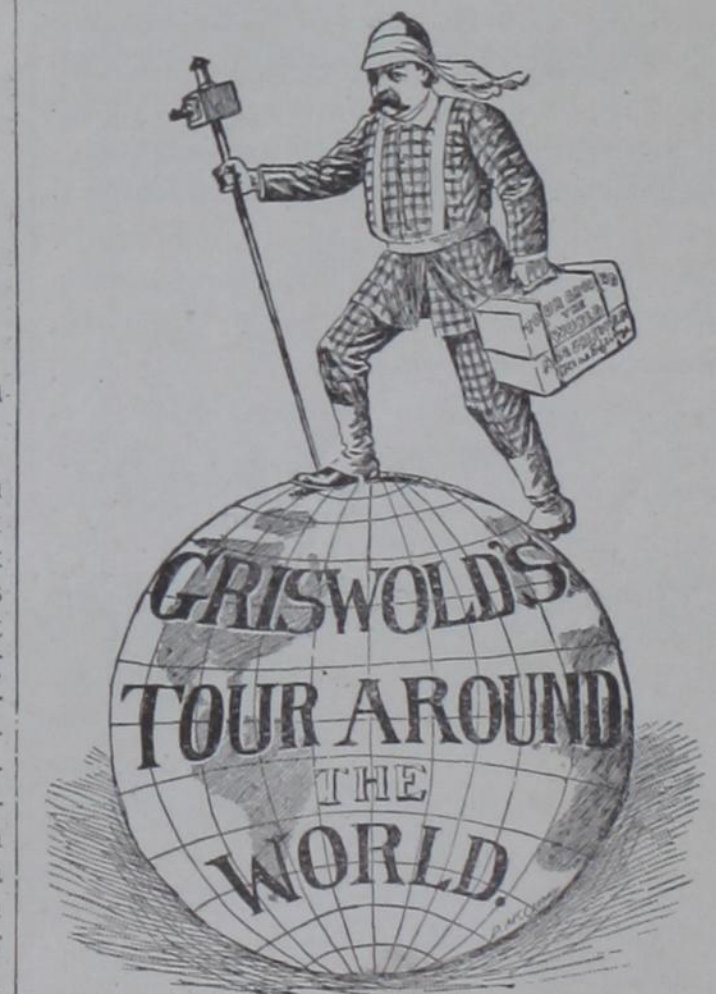
Conditions Unfavorable.

Mr. Gotham—"And did you enjoy the play as well here as in your home town?"

Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—"No, indeed. New York does not compare with Chicago for fun at the theatres."

"Why we have some first-class attractions here now."

"Yes, the attractions, as you call them, are all right, but the peanuts my escort bought for me here were the poorest I ever saw. What good is a theatre without peanuts?"—Drake's Magazine.



THE "FAT" CONTRIBUTOR'S

New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

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Everett House, New York City.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Western Journalist, published in Chicago by Frank A. Burrell and edited by Wm. Alexander Bowen, is a lively and enterprising journal. The number for Feb. 1 prints an interesting article on the Chicago Press Club, with illustrations. A portrait of Stanley Waterloo, President of the Club and a journalist of great and varied talent, embellishes the first page of the paper.

A very interesting article in Mrs. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for March is entitled, Where Garfield was Cannal Boy; by S. S. Dustin. It is profusely illustrated. From a long list of admirable articles we select the following as specially worthy of notice: Something New About the Ear; In a Quiet Street; Music of all Nations; Richmond, Va.; The Pictographic Autobiography of a Sioux Chief; Ostrich Feathers, from the Bird to the Bonnet; Called Away, by Lucy H. Hooper. The Popular Monthly is \$3.00 a year; 30 cents a copy.

In the March number of Harper's Magazine, the important series of illustrated articles on modern armies of the great powers is continued, with The Army of the United States, by Gen. Merritt, U. S. A. A short serial entitled The Shadow of a Dream, by William Dean Howells, is begun. Annie Thackeray Ritchie contributes an essay on John Ruskin—a friend's estimate of the man. She recalls personal reminiscences of Mr. Ruskin that are interestingly told. George William Curtis, from the Easy Chair, relates some personal reminiscences of the late Robert Browning.

Stories of New France. By Miss A. M. Machar and Thomas G. Marquis. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price \$1.50. This is a collection of thrilling and romantic tales of adventure, endurance and consecration in what may be called the "heroic age" of Canadian history—an age that was brought to a sudden close by the combination of the struggle between the French Lily and the English Cross, in the complete and final victory of the latter at the fall of Quebec. The roll of the heroes who lived in this "heroic age" includes such names as Champlain, Daulac, La Salle, Le Jeune, Brébeuf, Madeleine Verchère and Marguerite de Roberval. The tales are replete with the tragedy and comedy of town-building and town-extension in the midst of pestilence, the relentless forces of nature and equally relentless human foes. Admirers of Evangeline will be especially interested to learn the true story of the "Acadian Exiles," and are likely to be somewhat surprised at what they learn.

The Story of Johnstown: Its Early Settlement, Rise and Progress, Industrial Growth and Appalling Flood on May 31st, 1889. By J. J. McLaurin, Editor Harrisburg Telegram. Prefatory note by Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D., of New York. Illustrated by Baron de Grimm, George Spiel, Coultas A. Henche, Victor Perard, G. E. Burr and August Bromo, from Original Designs, Sketches and Photographs. Harrisburg, J. M. Place, publisher. This is the title of a handsome volume, now ready for dis-

tribution to subscribers. The book contains nearly 400 pages and upwards of 100 illustrations, nineteen of them full page, and all from original photographs and sketches. Eminent artists have embellished it with their best work, adding greatly to the value and beauty of the book. The printing is from new type, clear and very attractive, while the binding is exquisitely tasteful, whether in cloth or morocco. A royal octavo, each page seven and one-half by ten inches, the volume is much the largest and finest of the many that have been written on the great flood of last May. The literary style is in keeping with the mechanical excellence of the work, presenting with freshness and vigor the varied features of the disaster which came under the author's personal observation.

Scabby McGoogan on Flats.

A lady living on the fifth floor of an uptown flat-house was called to the speaking tube by a violent ringing of the door bell.

"What is it?" she called down through the speaking tube.

"It's Scabby McGoogan," came back the reply. "I've called to see if you have any cold victuals this mornin' for a poor man."

"Go 'way!" screamed the lady through the tube; "go 'way. I smell your awful breath clear to the fifth floor."

Scabby McGoogan, esq., was not so easily disposed of at long range.

"It's hardly fair to hold me responsible for the condition of my breath, ma'am," he replied. "Gettin', as best I may, odds and ends from a hundred kitchens to keep soul and body together, is it any wonder I am unable this morning to waft up to you through this pesky tube the odor of new-mown hay, notwithstanding I slept in a manger last night?"

"Will you go away, or will I be obliged to call the dog?"

"I am not alarmed on the dog question, ma'am. That racket works tolerably well where the folks live on the commons, but I have yet to have my first encounter with a dog that comes down from the fifth floor. I have noticed that in coming down from the fifth floor a dog has time to take his second, sober thought, and; by the time he reaches the street, it occurs to him that in the likely event that he be wounded in the fray, he would have difficulty in dragging himself back up the stairs, or up the back stairs."

"You impudent scoundrel, will you go?" screamed the lady until the tube rattled in every joint.

"I am in a mood this morning to discuss," came Scabby's voice, with exasperating calmness, "and while I have the hang of this speakin' trumpet, I may as well set forth an idea or two that I have not, as yet, been able to get into the newspapers or magazines. I desire to say that, as the representative of a large and growing class, I am diametrically opposed to this flat and apartment-house system of livin'. You see the disadvantage it places us under. Now, were I permitted to present my claims to you face to face, instead of by this 'ere hollow mockery, I dare say that you would see the dreadful necessity of the case and cheerfully comply."

The speaking-tube vibrated again with the indignant message:

"Confound you, won't you ever go?"

"I can tell by the sound of your voice," continued Scabby, "that you have a tender heart and a hand ever ready to aid the deserving poor. Oh! had I the wings of a dove, I might perch myself upon your kitchen window-sill and partake of pie from your lily-white hand; but, alas, I am compelled to communicate my wants in this embarrassin' and unsatisfactory way. Blistered be the tongue of the man

who first invented flats. Aside from the single advantage that people who live in flats can't keep dogs, I defy you, or any one else, to point to one redeemin' feature of the infernal flat system."

"I'll pour scalding water down this tube if you don't go," yelled the lady.

"Just one word," said Scabby, "and I have done. I wish to reiterate my imprecation against the inventor and designer of flats. May his tongue cleave to the roof of the highest house in this town, while he is obliged to trudge in the middle of the road and get his pie and cold potatoes through a cussed speakin' tube. Good day, ma'am."—N. Y. World.

A Bad Choice of Mothers.

The small boy had had a fight with another small boy. In youth we make up our quarrels easily, and a blow on the nose heals much more easily than a stinging word in later years. Quick to enjoy, quick to injure, quick to forget pleasures, quick to forget injuries, in our childhood, we grow slower in all with age, yet perhaps the value of everything does not really change, only our capacity to retain feeling. This small boy had had a fight and his mother punished him. He was a boy; his mother was only a kind of grown-up girl and could not be expected to understand or sympathize with the manly art of self-defense. But he got it all the same and when the round was over stood up in the corner with his knuckles stuck in his tear-filled eyes. "Well," he said, between some severe sobs, "well, I was a fool to get you for a mother when I was born."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

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"She practiced piano so much that her uncle committed suicide, and she was his heir, you know."—Epoch.



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DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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Watch Clubs and Installment frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 extra. Mention Siftings.

JOHN WILLARD writes from Olinburg, Ind., Nov. 29.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more. ELIXIR grows the hairiest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c. in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., P. O. Box 111, Ills.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

JIM ALLEN.



You ort er seed Jim Allen—
He cum with Doctor Gray
An' other city people
Frum town, tu church tu-day.

He's got the big head awful—
The long-tailed suit he wore,
I bet a bale o' cotton,
Cost twenty-five ur more.

He's dun forgot urs fellers
'At knowed 'im here afore,
When he wuz jist ez common
Ez we wuz, an' ez pore.

They've 'lected him the mayor,
So Lawyer White told me,
An' people calls him Kernel—
An' him not twenty-three.

He onct wuz good a member
Ez eny Pine church had,
An' talked about the Bible
A big sight fur a lad.

He sot among the brotherin'
An' sung on preachin' days;
Tu-day he went no furdur
Than whar the sinners stays.

An' hit's a moral pity
That fine a boy ez Jim
'Ud let the city people
Make sich a fool o' him.

—Exchange.

"YOUR NECKTIE'S UP BEHIND!"

When you attend a party
And gyrate with the girls,
The exercise is hearty,
Your brain with pleasure whirls;
But oh, the painful feeling,
When suddenly you find
The naked truth revealing
Your necktie's up behind.

As down "on 'Change" you linger
To watch the market's close,
Some fool will point his finger
At you beneath your nose,
And shout out quite jocosely:
"Excuse me, sir, I find,
On looking at you closely,
Your necktie's up behind."

On some night when you're calling
Upon your sweetheart fair,
Oh, is it not appalling,
As you your love declare,
When words come hard and harder,
Quite suddenly to find,
In midst of love's sweet ardor,
Your necktie's up behind?

In this queer situation,
No matter how one tries,
There is no explanation,
The necktie's bound to rise.
'Tis useless to reject it,
By fate it is designed,
And when you least expect it
Your necktie's up behind.

—Clothier and Furnisher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Curious Coincidence.

"I used to travel around the country with a patent hay-fork," said the man with a green patch on his left eye, as it came his turn to tell a story. "I am not going to say anything about that patent more than that no farmer ever got any benefit from it. What I wish to bring out is what might be called a curious coincidence, and one that I have kicked myself over a hundred times.

"It was in this way," he continued, as he got settled back on his seat. "Farmers have their weak spots the same as other folks. You can hit some of them by praising the buildings, others by admiring their horses, others, again, through their hogs or calves. I had a way of hitting them all, and it worked to my great profit every time. When I got up in the morning, after staying all night with a farmer, I got off something as follows:

"I had a very curious dream last night. I dreamed that I was digging out behind your barn, just on a line with a big knot-hole in the sixth board from the west end, and I unearthed a tin box containing \$2,000 in greenbacks. The dream was so vivid that I almost feel the box in my hands. There's nothing in a dream, of course, but I never had one which seemed so real."

"Mind you, I had taken notice of the knot-hole the evening before. Sometimes I fixed the place behind the barn and sometimes near a stump, or so many paces from a certain tree or straw-stack; but it was all settled on beforehand. It wasn't one time in twenty that a farmer would charge me for my lodgings after giving him this dream. It hit 'em plumb centre, and they were only too anxious to get me out of the way so they could begin digging."

"Go on," said several voices, as he made a long pause.

"Well, one morning, after lodging with a farmer all night and getting his note for \$50 for a hay-fork, I related the usual dream in the usual way. This time it was buried treasure beneath a stump near his barn. I saw that he was hard hit at once, and he left me eating breakfast and went down to dig. I was chuckling over his greenness, when he came walking in with a tin box under his arm."

"You don't say?"

"But I do, and it was a box he had dug out a foot or so below the surface. It was broken open right then and there, and may I be drowned for a yeller dog if the contents didn't pan out \$4,625 in just as good greenbacks as you ever saw."

"But—but—"

"There were no buts about it. He found the money and kept it, as was his right, and no one ever came to claim it. This \$2 bill was a part of it. He gave it to me as a reward for my dream, and I am keeping it as a relic to show what a fool a man can make of himself. That's all, gentlemen—all except that I want some of you to kick me as soon as convenient."—New York Sun.

Over the Soup.

Mrs. De Snobsby—"I have an uncle, you know, who can talk French and German, and Latin and Greek—and—and—why, all these modern foreign languages just as well as he can English, don't you know?"

Young De S. (giving it away)—"Why not? He's deaf and dumb."—Detroit Free Press.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Woman's Ways.

It is said that every woman who lectures on woman's rights carries a razor in her bandbox.

Nothing suits a cross man more than to find a button off his coat when his wife has not time to sew it on.

When a woman pays special attention to her toilet, it is a warning to some other woman to look out.

When you find a woman who does not enjoy being a martyr, you have found a woman who has short hair.

There are only a few certainties in the world. One of them is the mother; you can always depend upon her.

When you find a good man, you have found a man who is trying to deserve the admiration of an honest woman.

A boy who imposes on his sister will impose on his wife as a man. Mothers usually teach their sons to impose on their sisters.

When a girl gets married, and has a hard time, we all feel sorry for her, but we really ought to feel sorry for her mother.

It is pitiful that when a woman wants a favor from her husband, she sends her daughter to ask it, and when he wants a favor from her, he knows his best medium is his son.

When a man gets down, there is a rush of men and women to help him up; but when a woman gets down, there is rush of men and women to kick her further down the hill.—Atchison Globe.

The Wrong Boy.

"Children," said the visitor at the Sunday school, "I have talked about long enough, but before I take my seat I will ask this bright faced little boy I see in front of me to tell me, if he can, who founded the glorious institution of the Sunday sch—"

"McGinty," yelled the urchin.

"The good man had selected the wrong boy."—Chicago Tribune.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

It is no uncommon thing for a theatrical star to complain of the support, while the company retorts that the star is insupportable.—Boston Transcript.

**GAIN
ONE POUND
A Day.**

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

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and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp Home & Youth, CADIZ, O.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

The American Griddle-Cake.

The American griddle-cake is an unknown quantity in London kitchens. I know of only one place where they keep a supply of other American stores, including corn-meal, buckwheat flour, maple syrup, waffle-irons and griddles. A griddle, by-the-by, is called a "girdle" in England, and even at that it is a culinary article almost as unknown in an English kitchen as a "dipper." An American friend of mine, who is keeping house in England, lately acquired a truly National longing for buckwheat cakes. By a bit of good luck he saw Jackson's advertisement in the New York Home Journal, and at once ordered a supply of buckwheat flour and maple syrup. He got a recipe out of an American cookery-book, which an American lady lent him, and there he stuck. The kitchen possessed no griddle. He went to the first ironmonger's and—but let him tell it himself:

"I want a griddle."

"A what, sir, if you please?"

"A griddle."

The shopman stops dry-washing his hands to raise one to the back of his ear, while his smile grows into a questioning wrinkling of the nose. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I didn't quite catch what you said?"

"A griddle—a griddle. I want to buy a griddle."

The smile returns, but mixed with pity and disappointment. "Ah, yes, to be sure—a—a—what was it, sir?"

"A griddle."

Smile vanishes altogether, and cold indifference reigns in its stead. "Don't keep 'em." ("Sir" dropped at certainty of failure of trade.)

"Don't keep 'em? Isn't this" (looking round at the shelves) "a hardware store?"

"Ironmongery, if you please, sir."

("Sir" comes back from force of habit.)

"Well?"

A pause. The shopman's face becomes statuesque, while he stares in silence out of the door, and strokes his chin. Presently he looks round and says, mechanically: "Anything else to-day, sir?"

"Humph. Where can I get one?"

"D'know'm sure. Might try at the green-grocer's."

"Look here. Do you know what a griddle is?"

"Well, no, sir, I don't."

"Never saw one?"

"Never saw one."

"Never heard of one?"

"Never heard of one."

"Do you know what a frying-pan is?"

"Really, my good sir," (getting familiar, the British tradesman's certain sign of intentional disrespect,) "I must ask you to tell me if you want anything in my line, for my time is—"

"I want a griddle."

"Don't keep 'em."

"I wonder, Thomas," said the tradesman's wife, who, at the sound of her husband's voice in an unusual tone has come forward from the little room at the back of the shop, "I wonder if the gentleman means a griddle?"

The husband's face lights up at a chance of business after all. "Ah! You mean a girdle, sir, I dessay, sir?"

"No, I don't. I mean a griddle. If you haven't got one, I—"

(Turns to go.)

"One moment, sir," says the wife; "do you mean?" etc. (describes a griddle.)

"Why, yes. Why, certainly. That's a griddle."

"We call it a girdle, sir; leastways they do in Scotland. I saw one once. I'm sorry we haven't one, sir. We have no call for them, sir. But we could get you one, couldn't we, Thomas?"

"I make no doubt we could, sir. Allow me to procure one for you, sir?"

PEARS' *Paris* SOAP. *Exposition, 1889.*

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.

Highest possible distinction.

"How long will it take?"

"To-day's Tuesday. Hum. Must order it from Edinburgh. Saturday week, sir."

"Great Scott! Edinburgh's in Scotland, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure, it ain't somewhere up the Mediterranean? Going to order it by telephone via Suez Canal?"

"I don't understand you, sir," drawing himself up.

The man's wife, who is by far the better business man of the two, laughs a modest tee-hee, and says:

"Very well, then, sir, you'll let us order you one. We'll promise it by Monday."

"I'll tell you what. If I can't get one anywhere else, you may."

"Very good, sir."

"I came back," said my friend, "in a couple of hours, considerably unstarched. I had tried at least a dozen hardware establishments, but without success. They didn't even know what a girdle was, let alone a griddle. Well, I let the first people order it for me. I wish you could have seen it when it came. It must have been a yard in diameter, and had a great handle across it like an iron hoop, with a ring in it to hang it over the fire. I sent it back to the shop, saying there must be some mistake, as my kitchen wasn't round, and I hadn't ordered an iron floor for it. I guess the buckwheat and syrup will keep till I get back to America."—San Francisco Argonaut.

How to Keep Your Watch.

Strolling up Broadway the other day I dropped in at Tiffany & Co.'s to ascertain whether they had any device for holding my watch to my pocket in order to defy the attempt of pickpockets to relieve me of it. "I'll tell you the very best thing to do," said one of the gentlemen in charge at the watch counter; "have a button-hole made in the outer lapel of your watch pocket, and then pull your chain through that before fastening the bar of your chain in the center button-hole of your vest. The light-fingered usually pull the watch up straight out of the pocket, but when the chain passes through the hole in the watch pocket, the pressure thus caused blocks their little game."—Epoch.

Of Interest to Travelers.

The new Wagner sleeping cars now run from Grand Central Station—in heart of city—through without change to Cleveland, Chicago, via Niagara Falls, Chicago via Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, by the four-track New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, are the finest in service. Fast time is regularly made, and polite attention is assured from station and train employés.

The new Dining-car service on all the fast express trains over the New York Central is unexcelled.

"Gents."

As to the word "gents," that is a good word inasmuch as it describes a class that no other word describes. There are persons who are not quite gentlemen and yet who are not altogether boors; who dress as gentlemen dress, though they are not of gentle breeding, and yet who do not belong to the hearty, natural, genuine, and unpretentious sons of horny-handed toil. They have money, and they are loud, presuming and offensive to gentle souls, and they claim to be gentlemen. In respect of some things they show indications of gentlemanliness, in respect of others they are vulgar. The term "gents," falling short of the term "gentlemen," is a very good term to apply to them.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Wanted Big Money.

A representative of *The Call* interviewed Mr. Wm. Edward Eastlake last Thursday at the extensive stove works of Messrs. Culter and Procter in reference to a prize that he had drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. Eastlake said: "I held one-twentieth of ticket No. 64,301, that drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, and collected the amount due me, \$2,500, very promptly through the American Express Company. I have bought tickets for the last thirteen months, investing during that time a total of \$15. I sold one of two tickets I had for the October drawing to a friend and the one sold drew \$50, but I didn't kick; I was after bigger money. I have always thought the drawings were fair and square and intend to continue to purchase tickets as long as I have a dollar to spare. I have invested my money in the preferred stock of a building and loan association where it will double itself in eight years." Mr. Eastlake is a well-informed and intelligent gentleman, a moulder by trade, and has been a widower for a number of years. One of his mates says that he is contemplating matrimony again.—Peoria (Ill.) Saturday Evening Call, February 1.

A Gastronomical Criticism.

"Here's a pointer for ye, Bill," said a tramp to one of his companions. "Don't never go to that house on the hill yonder."

"Why not?"

"'Cause whenever they've got pie they haven't any cheese, and when they've got cheese they haven't any pie. I wouldn't eat at no such place as that."—Merchant Traveler.

Almost a Give Away.

"What are the Knights of the Bat, Mr. Dolly?" asked Amy of her caller. "I saw that term in the paper this morning."

"Saturday night, usually," replied Dolly, absent-minded; "or—I mean—that is to say the Knights of the Bat are base-ball players, Miss Amy."—Time.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

Double Chins.

"My dear," said a blowative wife to her husband, "this paper says that a double chin denotes character and determination. Now I'm glad that I have such a pronounced double chin."

"H-m," replied the martyr husband. "The paper doesn't say that it is necessary to work all your chins all the time, does it, Mirandy?"

"No, it don't, you old sap head. The advantage of having a double chin is that you can work one while the other rests. Do you catch on, you old numbskull?"

"Yes, I do, Mirandy, dear. But say, now, Mirandy, when are you going to give one of your chins a rest?"—Dansville Breeze.

American Winters.

Foreign Visitor (to New Yorker in mid-winter 1890)—"What a delightful climate you have—so mild and pleasant! It doesn't seem a bit like winter."

Little Gotham Girl—"Oh, it isn't winter yet. Our winters don't generally begin till spring."—New York Weekly.

That Race Problem.

Kidder—"I see that Ingalls advises the South to try Justice."

Peabody—"Why, what crime has Justice committed there?"—Puck.

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Fresh importations of these beautiful fabrics display great novelty of color and design. Their durability and style give universal satisfaction.

JAPANESE STRIPE SILKS.

A fine assortment of twilled and taffetas stripe silks in special qualities for Summer wear.

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